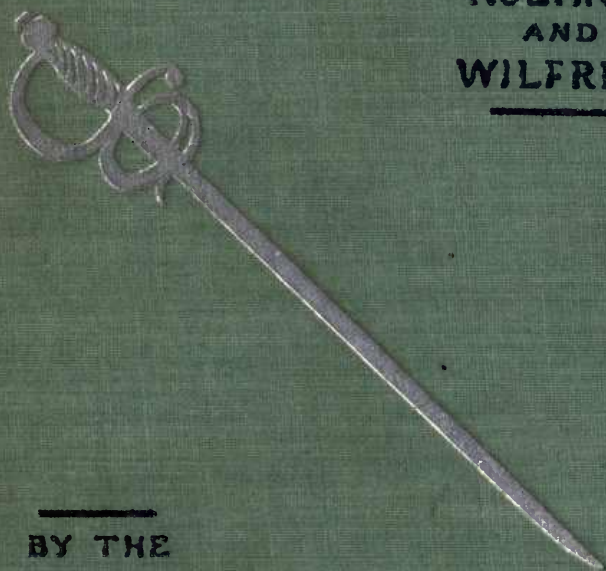


THE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ SOLDIER'S REVENGE

OR
ROLAND
AND
WILFRED



BY THE
AUTHOR OF
EDGAR FAIRFAX

FLORENCE N. CRADDOCK

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To

Warr G Pendell
From

Mr F V. Gaffinger

Oct 6 - 1901.

Berkland Smith

Acad of Science

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E. M.

Isleray

THE
Soldier's Revenge

Or
ROLAND AND WILFRED

BY
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE CRADDOCK

Author of "The Twin Sisters" and "Edgar Fairfax"

THE
Abbey Press

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"NOT IN THE VOID OF HEAVEN; NOT IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA; NOT
BY ENTERING THE ROCKY CLIFFS OF THE MOUNTAINS—NOT IN ANY
OF THESE PLACES, OR BY ANY MEANS, CAN A MAN ESCAPE
THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS EVIL DEED."

The Tripitaka of the Buddhists.



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The Soldier's Revenge.

CHAPTER I.

HOWARD LORIMER.

"Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile;
Morn, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dear and fading isle.
Though 'neath distant skies we wander,
Still with thee our thoughts must dwell:
Absence makes the heart grow fonder—
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!"

IN the middle of May, 1861, the English steamship "Polar Star" sailed from Liverpool for New York. Among the first-class passengers was a tall, dark, handsome gentleman, apparently about twenty-five years of age; he had the easy, well-bred manner of a person in the highest ranks of life, and his erect bearing

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seemed to proclaim him a soldier. He gave his name as Howard Lorimer.

An air of the deepest melancholy pervaded his whole being. He stood on the deck watching the fast-disappearing land, and his eyes were dimmed with tears. "Oh, England, England, my home, I shall never see thee again! Beloved isle, fare thee well!" His head sank lower and lower and his breast heaved with ill-suppressed emotion.

The voyage was a long and stormy one. Mr. Lorimer kept to himself and scarcely exchanged a word with the other passengers.

As soon as the ship landed he hired a cab and was driven to the Astor House. About a week later he went to the nearest recruiting office and enlisted in the Union Army.

There was no braver, more daring, soldier than Howard Lorimer. He was utterly reckless of his life, and, at times, seemed almost to court death. There was not a thing about cavalry that he did not know. "He must have served in some Emperor's picked guard," said the colonel of his regiment.

Howard Lorimer won the respect of every

Howard Lorimer.

one around him; all could see that he was a gentleman born, but he was very silent and reserved, and never spoke of his past life. His bravery brought rapid promotion.

During a hard-fought battle toward the close of the war, Howard Lorimer was dangerously wounded, and when he became convalescent he was given leave of absence. He went to Cape May, and while there he became acquainted with Roland Blakiston, his wife, and daughter Adele. Adele was very pretty, and Howard fell in love with her, but he battled with his love for a long time. "I have no right to ask any woman to marry me," he said bitterly to himself.

But love triumphed in the end. Howard went to Mr. Blakiston and told him of his love for Adele.

"I am an Englishman, Mr. Blakiston," he said; "I have been most cruelly wronged and unjustly treated, and I have left England for good."

"I ask nothing of your past life, Mr. Lorimer. I know the splendid record you bear as a soldier, and that your noble qualities have

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won the respect of every one. If my child loves you, you have my consent to your marriage."

Adele said "Yes" when Howard Lorimer asked her to be his wife.

Roland Blakiston was president of the Philadelphia banking house of Blakiston & Co. He had two sons, but Adele was the only daughter. He was a millionaire, and her dowry was two hundred thousand dollars.

The Civil War was over, but Howard Lorimer entered the regular army as Captain of Troop D, —th Cavalry, and was ordered to a far frontier post.

On the first anniversary of her marriage a son was born to Adele, and he was named Roland. To Howard's great grief Adele died a few days after her child's birth. She left a will, dividing her dowry evenly between her husband and her son.

Henry, the oldest son of Roland Blackiston, was married, and he and his wife offered to receive little Roland and, under the care of friends, the infant was sent to Philadelphia.

The Handsome Sergeant.

CHAPTER II.

THE HANDSOME SERGEANT—DAISY CARRINGTON.

NEARLY a year after Adele's death a new recruit reported at Fort ——. He was about thirty years of age, tall, with a powerful, finely formed and graceful figure. He had a dark complexion, black hair and eyes, and fine, regular features. He was strikingly handsome, but at times there was an expression about the mouth and a sinister look in his eyes that would make a person shrink from him and fear to trust him.

Several of the officers were in the room when he reported, Captain Lorimer among them. The eyes of the recruit fell on the Captain; both started, grew pale, and their eyes for a moment remained riveted on each other.

When the man left the room the officers

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said: "Lorimer, that recruit bears a striking resemblance to you, and you both seemed startled at the sight of each other."

"Never saw him before in my life," Howard answered carelessly.

That evening when the new private was alone in his quarters in the barracks, he strode up and down. There was a look of deadly hatred in his glittering black eyes, and his hands were convulsively clenched.

"D——n him, curse the whole house!" he muttered angrily to himself. "So he goes by the name of Howard Lorimer. Oh, how I hate your whole house and, Howard Lorimer, my hatred shall pursue you and yours!"

The new private, who went by the name of Rufus Bennett, was the handsomest man at the fort, and the striking resemblance between him and Captain Lorimer was at once noticed and talked about. He was far above those around him, with the bearing and manners of a gentleman, and had undoubtedly been well educated.

Private Bennett was put in Lorimer's troop. There was not a thing about cavalry that he

The Handsome Sergeant.

did not know, and he was soon made first sergeant. Although a splendid soldier he had bad traits; he was fond of liquor, and his passion for cards seemed to amount to a perfect mania. He had more means than any of the others, and used the money liberally, and in this way he became a favorite with some of his comrades. There was no one who thought Rufus Bennett was his right name. There was a way about him and a slight accent in his speech that proclaimed him a foreigner.

Colonel Lindsay, who commanded the fort, declared he was sure Bennett was an educated Frenchman, who for some reason, probably not a creditable one, had left his own country.

In the fall of 187—, Troop D was ordered to West Point, and Captain Lorimer became one of the tactical officers.

Among the officers at the Academy was Lieutenant Carrington, and he had one daughter, Daisy. She was twenty-three years of age, a fair blonde, very pretty and a belle among the officers. Howard Lorimer was introduced to her and from the first he took a great liking to her.

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Captain Lorimer's courtship was not a very long one, and every one congratulated them when the engagement was announced. The marriage took place in the Church of the Holy Innocents, and then Captain and Mrs. Lorimer went on a short wedding trip.

Nora McCloskey, a pretty young Irish girl and the servant of Mrs. Carrington, was a great favorite with the soldiers. If she had a preference for any one it seemed to be for Patrick O'Connell, a fine young Irishman.

But as soon as Rufus Bennett became acquainted with Nora he began to pay attention to her. O'Connell did not take this tamely. He showed his jealousy and dislike very plainly, and finally warned the sergeant to keep away from Nora.

His rival answered with a contemptuous sneer that made the Irishman's blood boil in his veins.

"Nora," he said, angrily, "yez used to care for me before that Frinchman came here. No one knows any good of him, and it's my opinion that he had to run away—"

The Handsome Sergeant.

"How dare yez spake so?" cried Nora indignantly; "he's a gintleman, shure an' he is."

"Do yez think yez can throw me over for him? Do yez think Oi'll tamely submit to it?"

Nora made no answer.

Neither Lieutenant nor Mrs. Carrington had a very good opinion of the handsome sergeant, and they anxiously watched his attentions to Nora. At length the pretty servant came to her mistress and told her she was going to be married.

"To whom, Nora? Sergeant Bennett?"

"Yis, ma'am," Nora replied, with a blush.

"Nora, I do not think he will make you a good husband," said her mistress seriously.

"Do you know anything of his past life?"

Nora confessed she did not.

The women among the soldiers declared that Sergeant Bennett was nice enough, but they wouldn't want to marry him; he was too fond of flirting to be long constant to any one.

In spite of all warnings, Nora insisted on marrying Sergeant Bennett. He was a Roman Catholic and they were married in the Church of the Sacred Heart, at Highland Falls.

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CHAPTER III.

ROLAND AND HIS STEPMOTHER.

ROLAND LORIMER was six years old. He was the picture of his mother, with a light complexion, and beautiful, dark-brown eyes and hair. Uncle Harry and Aunt Marion had three children, but Roland was a great pet with them, and he had been very much indulged.

Howard wrote to Henry Blakiston of his marriage, and that he and his wife would stop at Philadelphia on their way home for Roland.

Aunt Marion told her little nephew that his father was married again, and that now he was going to a pretty home to live with papa and his new mamma. Roland burst into a violent passion, declaring he did not want any new mamma, and he wouldn't go and live with her.

Captain Lorimer laughed when he read Mrs.

Roland and His Stepmother.

Blakiston's letter declaring Roland's childish jealousy.

"He will get over it when he sees Daisy," he thought.

It was the evening of Captain and Mrs. Lorimer's expected arrival and Roland was in a fever of impatience to see papa. At last a carriage drove up to the door. Howard, looking handsomer than ever, alighted and helped out Daisy. She was attired in a dark, plain travelling dress and made a pretty picture.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Blakiston greeted them cordially. Roland rushed up to his father, his little face beaming with joy. Howard kissed him and then said: "Now, Roland, go and give mamma a kiss."

The child pouted and hesitated.

"Roland, do as I bid you," said his father, a little sternly.

Roland went up to Daisy; she clasped him in her arms and kissed him. The child coldly submitted to her embrace, but made no return.

Captain and Mrs. Lorimer remained over night in Philadelphia, and the next day went by rail to West Point. It was just tea-time

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when they arrived, and Mrs. Carrington was waiting to receive them.

Daisy and her husband went up to their room to lay aside their wraps. It was small, but had been newly furnished, and showed refinement and taste.

"Do you like it, Daisy?" asked her husband.

"Yes, Howard, very much. How pretty it is. Such a nice little home. I am sure I shall be happy here."

"I hope so, my wife," and Howard kissed her blushing cheek.

They went down into the dining-room, where a nice tea awaited them.

Roland showed a positive dislike to his step-mother. He was sullen and silent, and paid no attention whatever to his father's commands, but was as willful and disobedient as he possibly could be. Howard's patience was sorely tried, and more than once he felt tempted to resort to severity.

"I am afraid Roland will never love me," said Daisy, with a sigh; "why is it that he seems to have such a dislike to me?"

"It is childish jealousy," her husband an-

Roland and His Stepmother.

swered; "I shall teach him to respect and obey you, whether he loves you or not."

He spoke very seriously to his little son.

"You must call Daisy 'mamma,' and mind her as you do me."

"I won't mind her, she isn't my mamma," cried the child, angrily.

"Hush, Roland," said his father sternly; "you must never say 'I won't' to me."

One evening Daisy had company to tea, her father and mother among them, and Roland acted in such a way that his father was mortified and angry. Mrs. Carrington spoke to him, but the child turned away without answering.

"Roland, answer Mrs. Carrington," said his father, sharply.

The boy's lips were compressed with a force that left them bloodless; there was an angry light in his eyes. He was in one of his most obstinate fits of temper, and Howard knew it would be useless to try to enforce obedience then.

"Roland, leave the room," he said in a low, stern tone.

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Angry as he was, the child did not dare to disobey.

After the company had left, Howard turned to his wife.

"It will not do to let Roland go on in this way. I shall give him a severe whipping and I trust it will be a lasting lesson to him."

"I wouldn't, Howard," his wife answered; "it will only anger him and do no good."

"But if I do not curb this jealousy he will become unbearable. I am afraid that only a whipping will make an impression on him."

"I wouldn't resort to it this time at least, Howard; tell him if he acts so again you will do so, and keep firm to your word."

Howard took Daisy's advice, and he had a long, serious talk with his son.

"Remember, Roland," he concluded, in his sternest tone, "if you ever act so again, I shall whip you, and I will keep my word."

A few days later Daisy and her mother went to New York, and the former bought a nice toy for Roland.

The next morning Daisy called her little stepson to her, and offered him the toy.

Roland and His Stepmother.

"I don't want it," he answered, turning away.

"Roland!" his father said sternly, with a warning look.

Roland's face flushed with anger. Daisy pressed him to take the toy. The child suddenly caught it from her hand and threw it violently from him. It struck a fine vase, knocking it over and breaking it to fragments.

Howard turned pale with anger. "Roland, ask mamma's pardon instantly!"

"I won't, I hate her," Roland answered, struggling to suppress his rising sobs.

His father took his hand and led him to the foot of the stairs. "Go up to my room and wait there," he said in a low, stern tone.

Then Howard called the servant and told her to clear away the broken vase. As he turned to go upstairs Daisy caught his arm.

"Howard, you are so angry, you will half kill Roland."

"Daisy," he said reproachfully, "do you think I could be cruel to my child? Are you afraid to trust him with his father?"

Roland was standing by one of the windows,

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and he turned as his father entered; there was a sullen scowl on his face, and a proud, defiant light in his eyes.

Howard took Daisy's light riding-whip from a drawer, and called his son to him. He was thoroughly exasperated with Roland, but he did not forget justice must be tempered with mercy. Roland was a proud child; it was the first whipping he had ever received, and young as he was, he felt the disgrace most keenly. He loved his father, but then his little heart was on fire—it was filled with anger, and with a feeling of bitter, fierce resentment, almost hatred.

At last Howard threw down the whip. Roland stood sobbing violently in mingled pain and anger.

"Roland, go to your room and do not leave it till to-morrow," his father said sternly; "I will send you up some tea."

"I won't go," the child gasped between his wild sobs.

"Roland, you will never say that to me," said his father severely, and giving him a sharp cut across the wrists; "obey me instantly."

Roland and His Stepmother.

Beside himself with passion and sobbing wildly, Roland fled from the room.

The next morning after breakfast Howard turned to his son and said sternly: "Roland, tell mamma you are sorry for the way you acted yesterday, and promise never to do so again."

The child pouted, but made no movement to obey.

"Roland, do you hear me?"

The boy threw himself into his father's arms and burst out crying.

"Oh, papa, I can't," he sobbed.

"You must," was the stern order, but Roland only cried more violently.

Howard bit his lip angrily: "Roland, I forbid you to leave the house till you obey me, and if you do so I shall whip you severely."

He left the room just as Roland threw himself down on the sofa, sobbing violently.

For three days Roland obstinately refused to obey, and then he gave in. He went up to his stepmother and, in a low tone, repeated what his father told him.

Daisy kissed him. "Roland, I love you very much, and I wish you would try to like me a little," she said gently.

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Roland never addressed his stepmother unless she spoke to him, then only answered: "Yes, ma'am," or "no, ma'am." Daisy really loved the little fellow, and his coldness wounded her deeply.

One damp, rainy morning, Daisy sat sewing in the sitting-room when Roland came in, putting on his hat and overcoat.

"Where are you going, Roland?" she asked gently.

"To play with Eddie Alden," was the curt reply.

"It is raining hard, Roland; it is not fit for you to go out. You cannot go," she said firmly.

The child glanced up at her with a haughty, defiant look. "I want to go," he said coldly.

"But you cannot go, Roland."

"I will go," he said passionately, his lips white and compressed.

"Roland, you cannot go. I forbid it."

The boy ran toward the door, but Daisy was before him; she locked it and put the key in her pocket.

Roland and His Stepmother.

"Let me out," cried Roland, with a violent stamp.

Daisy calmly went on sewing and took no notice of him. Roland stamped his foot and screamed so loud that she was almost frightened, but she did not yield.

"I hate you," Roland gasped, almost suffocated with rage; "I will go. Let me out."

"No," Daisy answered firmly.

Then Roland threw himself down and gave way to the wildest anger.

"I shall tell your father how you have been acting this morning," Daisy said sternly.

"No, you won't," and Roland sprang to his feet and glared at her like a perfect little fury. His hair was tumbled, his dress in wild disorder, his little face scarlet with anger and his eyes flashing. He burst into wild sobs of passion.

"I will go," he cried, between his sobs. "Open the door."

Daisy took no notice of him.

"Let me out," Roland repeated, with a violent stamp of his little foot.

Just at that moment some one rattled the

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door handle. Daisy opened the door and Captain Lorimer entered.

"Oh, papa, let me go out," sobbed Roland, rushing up to him.

"Roland, what is the meaning of this?" his father asked sternly.

Daisy told him how Roland had acted.

"Roland, come here to me," was his father's stern command.

The child went up to him. Howard sat down and drew his little son to him.

"Stop crying and listen to me," he said in his sternest tone, and the child's sobs ceased.

"Roland, you must never act so again when your mamma refuses to let you do as you wish——"

"She is not my mamma," Roland interrupted angrily.

"Roland," Howard continued sternly, "if you act so again I shall send you back to Uncle Harry to live till you learn how to behave yourself."

Roland threw his arms around his father's neck. "You won't send me away from you,

Roland and His Stepmother.

papa," he cried, with a burst of passionate tears; "I love you so much."

"I cannot think you love me, Roland, or you would not act so."

"Oh, I do, I do," cried the child; "but I can't love Daisy. I can't call her mamma."

Howard had a long talk with his son. He firmly impressed on him that he must act differently or else he would have to live with Uncle Harry and Aunt Marion. Roland knew that his father would keep his word, so he obeyed his stepmother and was respectful to her. He called her "mamma," but Daisy saw it was an effort for him to do so, and she began to despair of ever winning his love.

In the spring Roland had a serious attack of fever and at one time Howard and Daisy feared for his life. Daisy was a most devoted nurse. Day and night she ministered to every want. At last she had her reward. One morning Roland said to her: "Mamma, I love you now." It was no passing fancy; from that time Roland loved his stepmother, and the tie between them became a very strong one.

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CHAPTER IV.

ROLAND AND WILFRED.

"Now a boy is, of all wild beasts, the most difficult to manage."—*Plato*.

ON New Year's day, 187—, a son was born to Daisy, and was named Wilfred. Roland seemed very fond of his baby brother, but Howard was fearful that the old feeling of jealousy would return, so he treated his first-born with unusual kindness and gave him every indulgence.

"Roland, I hope you will be kind to your little brother and love him," he said gently.

"I will, papa. I shall love him very much."

Contrary to all expectations Sergeant Bennett was very fond of his wife and made a good husband. On the third of January a son was born to Nora. From the very first grave fears were felt for Mrs. Bennett, and she died when

Roland and Wilfred.

her child was two weeks old and the little one a few days later. Rufus Bennett showed the greatest grief.

After four years' service at the Academy, Captain Lorimer was promoted to the rank of major and ordered to a post in one of the Southern States. There were no schools of any consequence near the fort and Daisy and Howard became Roland's teachers. He was a bright boy and learned rapidly.

Wilfred was a sturdy little fellow of two summers and closely resembled his father, but a more headstrong, self-willed child never existed. From earliest infancy he showed a violent temper, and his mother sometimes found it very hard to make him obey. As he grew older Daisy told her husband that Wilfred was beyond her control; she could not make him mind.

"I shall take him in hand," Howard answered emphatically.

There were a number of sharp contests of will between father and son, but Howard never yielded. Little Wilfred found that flying in a passion, instead of bringing what he wanted,

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brought swift, severe punishment, and he became more obedient; but still he was very self-willed and often disobeyed his father. Howard was obliged to correct him frequently, but he found the use of the rod only roused Wilfred's worst passions, and he never resorted to it except in extreme cases.

Wilfred seemed not to have a particle of affection for either his parents or brother; indeed, at times he showed a positive dislike to them.

Roland was very fond of his little brother, although at times Wilfred tried him severely. Wilfred was a very selfish child and wanted everything his brother had, and he seemed to think that Roland ought to do just as he said.

On his tenth birthday, among other presents Roland received a fine dog. No sooner did Wilfred catch sight of the little animal than he insisted on having him. Roland promised that he might play with Rover all he liked, but this did not satisfy the selfish little tyrant. He flew into one of his worst passions and his wild screams brought Major Lorimer to the room.

Roland and Wilfred.

"Roland, what are you doing to your brother?" he asked sternly.

"He insists on having my dog," Roland said angrily.

"I will have it; I will so," Wilfred screamed.

Major Lorimer sternly rebuked Wilfred for his selfishness. The child dared not say another word, but when his father left the room he shook his little fist at his brother and said passionately: "I'll drown your old dog, for not giving him to me; just see if I don't."

Roland did not dream that Wilfred would carry out his threat. A few days later a boy friend brought Rover to him in a half-drowned state.

"I found Wilfred trying to drown your dog, Roley," he said; "and I had a hard time to rescue him, for Wilfred fought like a little tiger."

"I told Roley I'd drown his old dog, for not giving him to me," said Wilfred, his eyes blazing with anger.

Howard and Daisy were shocked and pained at such a revengeful nature showing itself in their little son,

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"Oh, child, child, where do you get your cruelty?" said his mother.

Howard said nothing, but he rose and led Wilfred from the room.

Roland told his father that he would be afraid to ever let Rover out of his sight, for fear his little brother would injure him.

"I punished Wilfred so severely that I am sure he will not dare to attempt to injure Rover again," Major Lorimer answered.

It was a long time before Wilfred forgot that punishment, and for days he was silent and gloomy and showed a spirit of bitter, passionate resentment toward his father. He never dared to touch Rover again.

After five years of service Sergeant Bennett enlisted for another five years. Wilfred seemed to take a great fancy to him and he was a pet with the handsome Sergeant. It was to him, and not to his parents, that Wilfred went for comfort in his childish sorrows and disappointments.

When Wilfred was six years old Daisy began to teach him. He seemed to like study and advanced rapidly. But as he grew older

Roland and Wilfred.

he showed serious faults. He was selfish, envious and jealous; he seemed to have a naturally cruel, vindictive nature, and more than once his father was obliged to punish him for acts of the most deliberate cruelty. On the slightest provocation he flew into violent passions, and in moments of excitement or anger a wild, lurid light burned in his eyes, and his lips curled back from his glittering white teeth. Howard found it necessary to be sterner with his second son than he had ever been with his first-born. He governed him with a firm hand and compelled the boy to respect him. To his father's face Wilfred was respectful and obedient, but behind his back he called him an old tyrant and disobeyed him in every way he dared.

Roland had always expressed a wish to go to sea, and Howard decided to send his eldest son to the Naval Academy, if he could obtain an appointment for him. When Roland was fourteen years old he went to an excellent private school and remained three years, and just after his seventeenth birthday he entered the Naval Academy.

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Daisy and Howard instructed Wilfred, and when he was fourteen years old he went to Clifton Hall, a private school conducted on the military plan, and in one of the most beautiful parts of Pennsylvania.

Just after Wilfred went to school there was a great sensation at Fort B——, Arizona; Sergeant Bennett deserted. Every effort was made to trace him but in vain.

While Wilfred was home for his second summer vacation, his mother died, after a short illness. Her death was a great loss to her husband and Roland, but Wilfred seemed to care very little about it.

The autumn after his wife's death, Howard Lorimer, who had now reached the rank of colonel, was ordered to Washington, and in June Roland passed a very creditable examination, and received his warrant as a midshipman of the United States Navy.

Mabelle Frothingham.

CHAPTER V.

MABELLE FROTHINGHAM.

"Hither turn

Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polished forehead. Let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn,
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks, disclosing, as it lends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles, and pleasure sweet as love,
With sanctity and wisdom, tempting blend
Their soft allurements."—*Akenside*.

"There was a sound of revelry by night—

'Belgium's' capital had gathered them
Her beauty and her chivalry: and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."—*Byron*.

WILFRED LORIMER was the best scholar at Clifton Hall, and was always at the head of his class, but his violent temper and love of mischief often brought him into trouble. His

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greatest friend was Sylvan Edmiston, son of a wealthy New York merchant, and they were the leaders in every bit of mischief that went on. Once Colonel Fleming, the principal of the Academy, discovered that a number of the scholars, Wilfred and Sylvan among them, were in the habit of playing cards. The others were expelled, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Edmiston and Colonel Lorimer saved their sons from the same fate.

It had always been Colonel Lorimer's intention to send Wilfred to West Point; he had influential friends and his son was appointed cadet-at-large by the President.

When Wilfred came home for his last summer vacation he received a letter from the War Department containing his appointment. The letter notified him that he had been appointed as a cadet by the President, and if he desired the appointment he must report to the Superintendent of the United States Military Academy on June 15th, for examination. If he passed the physical and mental examination he would be admitted, with pay from the date of admission. He was requested to imme-

Mabelle Frothingham.

diately inform the Department of his acceptance or declination of the appointment.

Colonel Lorimer had to sign a paper, stating that he was willing for his son to accept the appointment, and that Wilfred had his full permission to serve the United States for eight years, unless sooner discharged.

Appointments are made a year in advance, so Wilfred would not enter the Academy until the next June.

Roland Lorimer had two years' duty at sea, then he passed the final examination and received another warrant as ensign with increased pay, and promotion to higher rank was open to him. He was placed on duty at the Washington Navy Yard.

Roland and his father attended old St. John's, the fashionable Episcopal church, on Lafayette Square, just across from the White House. One Sunday Roland noticed two ladies in one of the front pews. The elder lady he knew was Mrs. Talbot, the wife of a Maryland Representative. The younger one was a stranger to him. She was apparently about twenty years of age, and the most beautiful lady he

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had ever seen. She was plainly but richly dressed in a suit of dark blue cloth, trimmed with Louis XV. blue silk, and chinchilla fur; a handsome coat trimmed with the same fur, and her hat of dark blue velvet had a crown of gray velvet, the only trimming being three graceful ostrich tips, which were arranged at the left side.

During the service Roland's eyes constantly wandered from his prayer-book to Mrs. Talbot's pew. The church was full and after the service Mrs. Talbot bowed to Colonel Lorimer and his son, but Roland had no chance to speak to her.

Just after New Year's, Mrs. Talbot gave a concert and dance for her niece, Mabelle Frothingham, of Boston, who was to be her guest during the season. Colonel Lorimer was a favorite in Washington society and he and Roland were among the guests.

The guests were all in fancy costume. Roland wore a magnificent brocade and beribboned costume of the time of Louis XIV. The huge plumes in his white felt hat were superb.

Although Roland knew that Mrs. Talbot

Mabelle Frothingham.

was noted for the splendor of her entertainments, he was not prepared for the beautiful scene which greeted him. Servants dressed like Moors, in gold-embroidered suits of crimson velvet and fantastic turbans, ushered the guests into the presence of the hostess. Mrs. Talbot was gowned in old-rose velvet trimmed with sable, and wore magnificent diamond ornaments. Beside her stood Miss Frothingham, and Roland recognized the beautiful young lady he had noticed in church.

Mabelle was tall and well formed, with light complexion and rosy cheeks and lips, eyes of the deepest violet, full of soft, dreamy beauty, and beautiful golden hair. Her costume was of the time of Louis XIV. The train was of stiff white brocade, in antique pattern, with a pearl-embroidered eau-de-vie satin tablier. Her powdered hair was dressed high, and she wore the high-heeled pointed slippers of the period.

The walls of the blue drawing room were festooned with garlands of pink roses, caught up with great bows of pink satin ribbon. The pink drawing room was garlanded with white

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flowers, and everywhere there was a profusion of blossoms. The balcony overlooking one end of the beautiful music room was an artistic bit of decoration. Musical instruments intertwined with ribbons and wreaths of flowers were grouped on the front of it. A cherub, blowing his little trumpet, held to the ceiling the gray satin draperies which framed the gallery like a picture. The whole beautiful scene was reflected in mirrors placed behind the orchestra. The programmes were written in old French.

On a dais at one end of the room were an orchestra of twenty members, and a quartette from a celebrated opera company which was then performing in the city. The guests were seated in gilt and brocaded chairs. Mabelle was seated between two gentlemen, Roland and an Austrian nobleman, Prince von Radowitz, who was travelling in the United States. He was a stout, middle-aged man with a florid complexion, and almost ugly looking. Roland did not relish the admiring glances he cast at the beautiful American.

When the exquisite music ceased the lights

Mabelle Frothingham.

were flashed on, and a fanfare of trumpets announced supper. As the most distinguished gentleman present, Prince von Radowitz took in Mrs. Talbot and, to his delight, Roland had Mabelle.

After supper, antique dances were performed. The saraband et pavane, executed by Mabelle and three graceful and beautiful women, leaders in Washington society, was exquisitely done.

Their dresses were all alike in the trains, which were of stiff white brocade, in antique patterns, but the pearl-embroidered satin tabliers differed in delicate tints, being respectively straw color, eau de vie, rose and silver-grey.

The cotillon was led by Prince von Radowitz and Mabelle. The favors consisted of beautiful antique fans, workbags, little, heart-shaped pin-cushions, ring boxes and flowers for the ladies, while the gentlemen had silver picture frames, silver pencils and cigarette cutters, notebooks and card-cases.

Mabelle Frothingham was the belle of Washington and invitations were showered on her. She had no end of beaux, but her principal ad-

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mirers were Prince von Radowitz and Ensign Lorimer. Roland felt that Mabelle favored him, but he knew the Austrian was a determined rival, and he was uneasy and jealous. The Prince was violently jealous and often Roland caught angry glances directed at him. Bets were made among the "swell" set as to which suitor would win the beautiful Miss Frothingham.

Colonel Lorimer uneasily watched Roland's attentions to Mabelle.

"Roland," he asked, abruptly, one evening, "have you any idea of marrying Miss Frothingham?"

Roland started and colored. "I love her, father. She is dearer than life to me, and I shall leave no stone unturned to win her for my wife."

Colonel Lorimer sighed deeply. "Miss Frothingham is the sole heir of a very rich merchant, Roland, and how can you keep her in the style she has always been used to? Mabelle may love you, my son, but I am afraid that Mr. Frothingham will not be willing to give his daughter to a poor naval officer.

Mabelle Frothingham.

It is true that you have twelve thousand dollars a year besides your pay, but what is that in comparison to the wealth of Mr. Frothingham?"

"Why do you talk so, father?" asked Roland, angrily; "why do you try to throw cold water on my hopes?"

"I hope you will win Mabelle, my son, but I am afraid you will meet with violent opposition from her parents."

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CHAPTER VI.

THE BETROTHAL.

"Go bid the needle its dear north forsake,
To which with trembling reverence it does bend;
Go bid the stones a journey upward make:
Go bid the ambitious flame no more ascend;
And when these false to their old motions prove,
Then will I cease thee, thee alone to love."

—Cowley.

THE next evening, Mrs. Talbot gave a small theatre party, and, to his disgust, Roland found the Austrian was one of the guests.

Mabelle looked very pretty in a gown of sea-green ottoman trimmed with panels of a darker shade of velvet, and a velvet bodice with sleeves of pompadour-green taffeta, with handsome wrap of green velvet richly embroidered and lined with white satin. The green velvet capote had a white satin crown, and was ornamented with fans of white lace, a white aigrette and choux of green velvet.

The Betrothal.

The Austrian sat beside Mabelle in the private box. While the curtain was down he absorbed her whole attention, and Roland could not succeed in exchanging a word with her.

After the play the party returned to Mrs. Talbot's magnificent residence on Connecticut Avenue, where an elaborate supper was served. An army officer took Mabelle in to the supper-room, and Roland took in Miss Laura Alden, a very pretty young lady and a great friend of Mabelle.

Roland was only able to speak a few words to Mabelle and he went home feeling utterly wretched.

About five o'clock the next day he called on Mabelle. She received him in the reception room between the drawing room and the dining room. The ceiling was covered with silver leaf; the walls were hung in dark green plush, surmounted by a frieze of silver and gold figures in relief. The room was handsomely furnished, and an electric light was arranged in such a way that the deep, rich colors showed at night.

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Mabelle was seated in a large easy-chair and on a small table beside her was a dainty tea-set. She wore a Louis XIV. teagown of pale green brocade and rose pink, and a Marie Antoinette fichu of pink chiffon was gracefully draped round her shoulders and carelessly knotted in the centre of the front.

Roland looked around the richly furnished room and at Mabelle's expensive dress. "How was he to keep her in such style? What was his income beside this wealth?"

Mabelle greeted him with a bright smile, and offered him a cup of tea and some dainty lemon wafers.

"I am going away to-morrow, Mr. Lorimer," she said in a low tone; "I received a letter from my mother, saying she is not very well and telling me to come without fail."

She was going away! Roland lost all control over himself at those words. He seized her hand and, in burning, passionate words, he poured forth his love. Mabelle blushed and cast down her eyes, but she did not withdraw her hand.

The Betrothal.

"Tell me that you love me, Mabelle. Give me some hope," he pleaded.

"I love you, Roland," she said gently.

"And you will be my wife, darling?"

"Yes, Roland."

He clasped her in his arms and their lips united in love's first, passionate kiss.

"But will your father consent to our marriage, Mabelle? I have twelve thousand dollars a year besides my pay, but what is that in comparison to his income? I can give you every comfort of life, but I cannot keep you in such style as this."

"Father loves me and I know he will consent to our marriage. And as for money—oh, Roland, what do I care for wealth when I have your love!"

"Bless you, Mabelle, for those words," he said in a tone of the deepest tenderness.

Roland seemed to tread on air as he hurried to his father's quarters.

"Congratulate me, father," he cried joyously; "Mabelle has promised to be my wife."

"Have you Mr. Frothingham's consent?"

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"No; but Mabelle says her father will certainly consent."

"Do not be deceived, Roland. You will never gain Mr. Frothingham's consent to your marriage with his daughter," was Colonel Lorimer's emphatic answer.

That evening Roland wrote to the merchant, asking for his daughter.

Farewell, Love.

CHAPTER VII.

FAREWELL, LOVE; MY DREAM OF HAPPINESS
IS OVER.

"Then blank despair,
The shadow of a starless night was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone."

—*Shelley.*

"Of joys departed, never to return,
How bitter the remembrance."

—*Blair.*

IN a fever of impatience Roland waited for an answer from Mr. Frothingham. Two days passed and then on going to his quarters in the evening he found a letter. He hastily tore it open. It ran thus:

"BOSTON, March 30th, 188—.

"ENSIGN ROLAND LORIMER:

"DEAR SIR: Whilst fully sensible of the honor you have done Mabelle in offering her

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your hand, I must not shrink from telling you that I do not consider your income and prospects sufficiently good to induce me to listen to your proposal—an opinion in which my daughter fully coincides. Trusting that you will acquiesce in the wisdom of our decision, I remain,

“Yours very truly,

“EUGENE FROTHINGHAM.”

Roland stood staring at the words, “an opinion in which my daughter fully coincides.” Mabelle had told him: “And as for money, oh, Roland, what do I care for wealth when I have your love.” He could not grasp the meaning of the letter at first; he felt stunned, stupefied. Then its terrible reality burst upon him. Mabelle had promised to be his wife. Now she coldly threw him over.

“It is more than I can bear. Mabelle! Mabelle!” Then he threw up his arms. “O God! let me die. O, take me to you!” With a passionate, despairing cry, Roland Lorimer fell to the floor, where he lay white as a block of marble.

Farewell, Love.

Colonel Lorimer dropped in to see his son. The first thing Roland knew was that his father was bending over him. He roused himself and as he did so his eyes fell on the letter, lying on the floor where he had dropped it. A convulsive shudder swept over him and a deep groan burst from his lips.

"Read that letter, father," he said, hoarsely. Colonel Lorimer did so.

"I tried to warn you, Roland, that Mr. Frothingham would never consent to your marriage."

"But, Mabelle—oh, father, to think that she could promise to be my wife, to say she cared nothing for money if she had my love, and then—then—to coldly throw me over——"

Suddenly Roland started up. "Father, I understand it now; the Austrian nobleman has proposed to her and she has sold herself for a title."

A few days later Roland Lorimer read the following in the social news of his daily paper:

"The engagement is announced of Mabelle Frothingham, of Boston, to Prince von Radowitz. The marriage will take place early in

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June." Then followed a biographical sketch of both parties.

A bitter, mocking smile curled the Ensign's lip. He threw the paper into the fire, murmuring hoarsely as he did so:

"Farewell, love; my dream of happiness is over."

The Father's Story.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FATHER'S STORY.

THAT spring was cold and backward, and one evening, a few days after Roland learned of Mabelle's betrothal, he dropped into his father's quarters. Colonel Lorimer was in bed and complained of feeling very ill.

"I am afraid I got chilled somehow," he said.

Roland immediately summoned a physician, who pronounced it a bad case of pleurisy. The doctor gave little hope of the Colonel's recovery and the Commandant of the navy yard gave Roland leave of absence. The son's first care was to secure a trained nurse.

One morning father and son were alone.

"Roland, I am going to die," began Colonel Lorimer.

"Oh, father, I hope not," his son answered, his voice trembling with emotion.

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"I feel that I am going to die, my son," his father repeated; "and I had better tell you the story of my life while I am able to do so."

He paused for a few moments, then continued:

"My father was Basil d'Arto, the sixth Duke of Laughton. He married early in life Lady Aurelia Lorimer, the daughter of an English earl. He had two sons, my brother Wilfred, who took by courtesy my father's second title of Marquis of Alresford, and my full name is Reginald Howard Lorimer. As the second son of a duke I was Lord Reginald.

"There was only a year's difference in age between myself and my brother, and our mother died when I was a mere infant. As the eldest son Alresford was very much petted and indulged. My father compelled me to yield to my brother in every way, and my life was anything but a happy one.

"We were educated by a private tutor and then went to Eton and Oxford. Although a ducal family, our ancestors had been reckless spendthrifts, and my father's income was not very large, but he kept a racing stable and

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somehow contrived to live like a king. He impressed on us boys that he was nearly bankrupt, and we must manage to find rich wives; there were plenty of rich commoners who would gladly give their daughters large dowries in exchange for our grand old Norman name.

"After graduating from Oxford, I entered the army, becoming a lieutenant in the First Life Guards. From my father I inherited a taste for gambling, and, unfortunately, I found every means to gratify it. I led a gay, dashing life, betting freely on the turf and other sporting events, and losing heavily at play. In order to pay my debts of honor I borrowed of money-lenders at ruinous rates of interest.

"At last I became so deeply involved in debt that there was nothing I could do but go to my father. He paid all I owed, but swore he would never give me another sixpence for gambling debts. I taunted him with being a gambler himself. There was a stormy scene between us, and we parted in anger.

"But, alas! my passion for gambling was too strong for me. One evening, just after my twenty-fifth birthday, I went out with a great

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friend of mine, Lord Algernon Harcourt. He took me to a large, elegant mansion in the West End. I was introduced to the master of the house, Gaspard du Vair, a Frenchman, and several other gentlemen, all foreigners. An elaborate repast was served and then Monsieur du Vair proposed cards.

"I won again and again. Rich wines were freely served and, excited by the liquor and elated by success, I doubled my stakes. Suddenly I began to lose and before I knew it I had lost five thousand pounds. I hesitated, then the scoundrel Du Vair urged me to regain my losses. I staked fifteen thousand pounds and lost. I sprang to my feet and was about to rush from the room when Du Vair caught my arm and said coldly:

"Your note for the amount before you leave, Lord Reginald!"

"My eyes were opened and I knew I had been swindled by card sharpers. I wrote and signed an I. O. U., and then I turned to Lord Algernon. I blamed him for my losses, declaring he had no business to bring me to such a place. We were both excited with wine,

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violent words passed between us and at last I knocked him down and then rushed from the place.

"Several days later I received a challenge from Lord Algernon. We crossed the Channel and fought a duel with pistols. Neither was injured at the first fire and Lord Algernon insisted on our firing again. He fell at the second fire, but his wound was not serious and soon healed.

"The gambler Du Vair began to press me for the payment of the note, but where was I to get the money? Twenty thousand pounds! I dared not go to my father for such a sum."

Colonel Lorimer paused; he was greatly agitated and panted for breath. Roland gave him some medicine.

"You must not tell me any more, father; it is too much for you."

"You must know the worst, my son. At last I saw I would have to appeal to my father. He and my brother always came to London during the season. One morning, as soon as my military duties were over, I went to the house. The footman who answered the door

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informed me that my father was in the library. Father and Alresford were in the room.

“‘You scoundrel! I wonder you had the impudence to show your face here again!’ cried my father, his face purple with anger.

“‘Father, what have I done?’

“‘What! you dare to ask? You have been gambling again, and to pay your debts of honor, you have forged my name to a check for twenty thousand pounds.’

“‘I stood spellbound, unable to say a word.

“‘Dare you deny it, sir?’ thundered my father.

“‘Oh, father, you cannot think that I would do such a thing,’ I answered.

“‘Dare you deny that you have been gambling again?’

“‘I colored, hesitated, and then confessed I had lost that sum. “But, oh, father, father, I have not forged your name. You cannot believe me guilty;’ and I seized his hand, but he snatched it away.

“‘You confess you lost twenty thousand pounds to a card-sharper and gave your note for the amount?’

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“ ‘Yes,’ I stammered.

“ ‘A clerk from my bankers has just been here,’ continued my father, scarcely able to speak from anger. ‘This morning a notorious card-sharper presented a check for twenty thousand pounds; it was made payable to you, duly signed with my name and endorsed by Lord Reginald H. L. d’Arto.’

“ ‘It was a forgery, father,’ I said, passionately.

“ ‘The clerk knew the signature of my name was not genuine,’ continued my father, coldly, ‘and demanded to know who gave him the check. The sharper confessed that it was given to him in payment for a gambling debt, but declined to give the gentleman’s name unless his grace declared the check a forgery. The clerk informed the directors of the bank, and they sent to me to know if the check was a forgery. I knew at once that you had committed forgery, but, to save our name from disgrace, I declared the check genuine and ordered it paid.’

“ ‘But, your grace,’ said the clerk, ‘the signature is certainly not yours.’

“ ‘I gave that check to my son last night,’

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I answered angrily, and the clerk bowed and left the room!

"Here my father sprang to his feet and seizing my arm, he shook me with all his force. " 'You scoundrel, you villain! paying that forged check has ruined me!'

"I tried in vain to prove my innocence, declaring the sharper and not I was the forger. But I had to acknowledge that I had lost twenty thousand pounds to a card sharper, and it went against me. I pleaded with my father and brother, but both believed me guilty and would not listen. My father disowned me, swearing that, living or dead, he would never see me again, and, with a curse on his lips, he fell in a fit.

"Alresford grasped my arm, and, pointing to my father, he said furiously: 'You have killed your father! Leave this house and never dare to darken its door again!'

Colonel Lorimer gasped for breath, great drops of sweat stood on his forehead, and it was some little time before he could speak again.

"I fled from the house, and like one in a

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dream I wandered through the streets of London until I fell prostrate from exhaustion in front of a home on Brook Street. It happened to be the mansion of Sir Charles Carleton, a fashionable physician. He drove up in his carriage in a few moments and instantly recognized me.

“‘Lord Reginald d’Arto!’ he exclaimed in amazement.

“‘I am ill and fell from exhaustion,’ I answered, trying to rise.

“‘I was taken into his house and, after resting a while, he sent me to my quarters in his carriage.

“‘I had a violent attack of brain-fever, and I should have died but for the careful nursing of my valet. When I became convalescent and returned to duty I found that my father was dead, and that Alresford was the seventh Duke of Laughton. The story that I had forged my father’s name and that the shock had killed him somehow became known. I met the cold and averted looks of my brother officers; they declared I had disgraced the regiment, and de-

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manded that I should resign my commission, and I did.

"I always believed that Gaspard du Vair had forged the check. I went to Messrs. Armitage & Elmore, my father's bankers, and told them my suspicion. They did their best for me, but they could not prove anything against him. The fact that my father and brother believed me guilty went against me greatly. Society shunned me, and I decided to leave the country.

"My father died leaving debts in every direction, and there was nothing left but the entailed estates that went to the eldest son. My funds were completely exhausted, and I wrote to Laughton, asking him to let me have a few pounds, but my letter was returned unopened. I sold my watch and some other things, and on the 17th day of May, 1861, I sailed for America. I went by the name of Howard Lorimer.

"As long as he lived, my valet corresponded with me, and from him I learned that about a year after I left England, my brother married Victoria Trevelyan, the daughter of an immensely rich London banker, and had four chil-

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dren, two sons and two daughters, the latter dying very young. Arthur, the eldest, and by courtesy the Marquis of Alresford, is twenty-five years of age. Lord Lionel is twenty-three, and a naval lieutenant."

"Shall I tell Wilfred this story, father?" asked Roland.

"You can do as you think best," the Colonel answered.

Roland decided it would be best for him not to tell his brother.

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CHAPTER IX.

DEATH OF COLONEL LORIMER.

“Into the silent land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land?

“Oh land, oh land,
For all the broken hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed—
Into the Silent Land!”

—*Longfellow, from the German.*

THE next day Colonel Lorimer was a great deal worse. The physician told Roland that he did not think his father could live the week out. Roland immediately telegraphed to Colonel Fleming, and Wilfred arrived home the next day.

Death of Colonel Lorimer.

Colonel Lorimer died about a week later and was buried with military honors.

After the service the will was read. As Roland inherited two hundred thousand dollars from his mother, all the Colonel had was to go to Wilfred. Donald Fairlie, a well-known Washington lawyer and a great friend of Colonel Lorimer, was executor and Wilfred's guardian. After the funeral the brothers went to the residence of Mr. Fairlie. It was a cold, rainy day and Roland stood by the parlor window watching the storm.

"If that old Scotchman tries to lord it over me, Roley, I can tell you he'll get the worst of it," said Wilfred angrily. He paused a moment, then continued: "I have a great mind not to go to West Point; I don't relish the idea of four years of iron discipline."

"It was father's wish that you should enter the army," said Roland, "and you always said that you wanted to be a soldier."

"Yes, I do want to. It has always been the wish of my heart to be an army officer, but if it wasn't for that I should not go to the Academy."

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"I hope you will be careful while you are there, Wilfred; I am afraid your violent temper will bring you into trouble."

"I am proud and ambitious," Wilfred answered haughtily, "and I shall take good care that I am not caught in any serious scrape. I mean to graduate number one."

Wilfred paused for a moment, then asked abruptly:

"Roley, where did father come from?"

"Our father was an Englishman, but his life was not happy and he left his home. He never corresponded with any of his family."

"Were the family rich and of good blood?"

"Father came of a very good family, but they were not rich."

In June Wilfred graduated from Clifton Hall, number one, and about a week later he went to West Point.

Cadet Lorimer.

CHAPTER X.

CADET LORIMER.

"The moon looks down on old Cro' nest,
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge, gray form to throw,
In a silver cone on the way below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark,
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack."
—*The Culprit Fay.*

WILFRED went by rail from Washington to New York. At the depot he was met by Sylvan Edmiston and taken to the elegant mansion on Madison Avenue. Wilfred was Sylvan's guest over night, and the next morning, in a fine carriage, he was driven to the West Twenty-second Street pier, where he took the nine o'clock Albany boat.

As soon as the boat landed at West Point,

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Wilfred climbed into the yellow omnibus and was driven to the West Point hotel.

The stage toiled up the long ascent. The first building that met Wilfred's view was the riding school used in winter, to the rear of this the public stables, accommodating one hundred and fifty horses. Then, as the stage ascended, the pathway brought to view a new fire-proof building, for offices. A beautiful feature to the right of this building is the library, with its triple towers; next to the library is the chapel, and the next building is the old riding hall, now used for recitation rooms, gymnasiums, gallery of paintings, and museums. On the same street are located the cadet barracks, and to the north the officers' quarters. Prominent in this vicinity is a fine monument to General Sedgwick. To the south of the old riding hall are the cadet mess hall, or Grant Hall, as it is called now, and the cadet hospital and, still further south, another section of officers' quarters. Near the flagstaff is a fine collection of old cannon, old chains, old shells, and the famous "swamp angel" gun, used at Charleston in 1864.

Cadet Lorimer.

The West Point Hotel, the only hotel on the post, commands the finest view in the Hudson Valley. After dinner Wilfred went out and viewed the magnificent scenery from the piazzas. To the north, about nine miles distant, was Newburg, and in the extreme distance the Shawangunk Mountains and the dim outlines of the Catskills. To the left of Newburg are the Storm King Mountain or Butter Hill and "Old Crow Nest," fifteen hundred feet above the Hudson, with its overhanging cliffs and precipices. To the right, opposite Storm King, are Break Neck Mountain, Bull Hill, the villages of Cold Spring and Philipstown, and directly across the river is Constitution Island, reached by a ferry boat, and on this island is the home of the author of "The Wide, Wide World."

From the west piazza can be seen the Siege Battery, the Ordnance and Artillery Laboratory, the barracks of the soldiers in Camptown, and, farther away, to the right, Washington's Valley, overlooked by the cadet cemetery, on the crest of the hill above. Directly in front of the piazza is Redoubt Hill, rising to an alti-

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tude of six hundred feet above the plain, and to the left the grim walls of Fort Putnam overlook the officers' quarters on the west side of the Plain.

From the front of the hotel can be seen old Fort Clinton (where all the battles of the cadets are fought), the library and observatory, with its turrets and dome, further south the chapel, the academy and the cadet barracks, above which, in a forest of cedars, are the ruins of Fort Wyllis.

Wilfred was deeply moved, and he stood for a long, long time gazing at the beautiful scenery of his birthplace.

Among the candidates at the hotel were two youths, Alfred Lyman, of Pennsylvania, and Frank Lenox, of Illinois. Alfred was a homely youth of about eighteen years of age, neatly dressed, but his apparel showed he was not wealthy. He was the son of a poor country clergyman. Frank Lenox was a dark, handsome youth about the same age. He was the son of Commander Archibald Lenox, U. S. N.

On the 15th of June, Wilfred and many others reported to the adjutant of the Academy

Cadet Lorimer.

and deposited one hundred dollars with the treasurer. They were directed to report themselves to Cadet Lieutenant Rush in the barracks, and they were turned over to Cadet Corporal Warren and taken to the hospital for the physical examination. Of the large number examined, very few were rejected.

The next day the candidates underwent the examination in arithmetic: Wilfred solved the problems easily. In a short time he rose, and with a careless, confident air, he handed his paper to the officer and left the room.

The next day all suspense was over. A cadet corporal read in alphabetical order the list of successful candidates. Among them were Lorimer, Lenox and Lyman. The "plebes," as the new cadets are called, were then taken to the library, where they took the oath of office.

And now the "menagerie," still in civilian dress, were herded three and four in a room, and their first experience of cadet life began. Except in the mess hall, three times a day, they were only seen by their barrack instructors and squad drill master. Wilfred had lived among the soldiers on the frontier for years,

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and was a graduate of one of the best private military schools in the country. As a naval officer's son, Lenox had a good idea of drills, etc., but he had not the finished education of Wilfred. Both youths knew the only way to get on was to do just exactly as they were told, and never let on they knew anything, even to their classmates.

The plebes were divided into squads of four each for the setting up drill. The drill master of Wilfred's squad was Cadet Corporal Chanler. He was stern and ugly, and as unbending as the steel ramrod he carried as a drill stick. He saw that Lorimer was a pretty good soldier, and he was harder on him than on any of the rest.

One day Wilfred laughed almost aloud at the awkwardness of one of the plebes. Chanler was down on him instantly.

"What do you mean by laughing in ranks, Mr. Lorimer? This is the second time I've had to reprimand you. Report at my office immediately after supper this evening, sir."

Wilfred's eyes sparkled, but he had to gulp down his wrath.

Cadet Lorimer.

As soon as supper was over Wilfred went to Chanler's room. Cadet Lieutenant Rush, who commanded the "plebes," condemned him to walk post in the hall.

Until "tattoo" Wilfred tramped his post, with a good many others. He was filled with anger and vowed in his heart to "get even with that stuck-up prig if he ever got a chance."

For the purpose of military instruction, the cadets, every year after the close of the June examination, leave the barracks, and are encamped in tents upon the plain during the months of July and August, under all the regulations, discipline and police duty of an army in the field. Their organization varies while undergoing instruction in the particular arms of the service, but the permanent organization is that of a battalion of infantry, composed of four companies.

In these companies the four classes are indiscriminately mixed. Each company has a captain, three lieutenants, four sergeants, and four corporals. The battalion staff comprises an adjutant, sergeant-major, quartermaster, and quartermaster's sergeant. All the remaining

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cadets serve in the ranks as privates, though required to act as officers at stated times.

The cadet officers are chosen annually by the superintendent, and the appointments are regarded as honorable distinctions. Each company is further supervised by an officer of the army, detailed for that purpose, and the whole is commanded by an army officer, who is ranked as Commandant of Cadets.

Upon the faithfulness of the cadet officers much of the discipline depends, and the degree of faithfulness is proportioned to the military spirit of the corps.

Their duties are strictly defined, and an undue exercise of authority, or a captious and domineering manner, is restrained by what may be termed the public spirit of the corps. The cadet officers never act as spies. Treacherous information is despised and unknown among them. When not on duty, there is no distinction between them and the other cadets, but on all other occasions the distinction is well understood and properly maintained.

As soon as the graduating exercises were over, the cadets went into camp, but the

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plebes still remained in the barracks. By the first of July all were in the gray fatigue uniforms, and instead of squads of four each, they were now consolidated into a half a dozen squads for drill.

On the night of July first the new cadets were assigned to the different companies of the battalion. As Wilfred and Alfred were tall, they were put in Company A, and Lenox in Company B.

The next morning, the moment breakfast was over, the new cadets took up their bundles, containing such articles as they are allowed to have in camp, and were marched over to the tents. Old cadets are placed two in a tent, but the plebes four in each. Wilfred, Lyman and two other plebes were tent-mates.

Under the instruction of Corporal Warren it did not take them long to arrange their things in military order.

In the evening the yearlings gathered around the "plebe hotels." They, and the first class men, too, were anxious to teach the plebes how to fix up their tents. Wilfred was invited over to a "yearling den" to see how cadet beds were

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made for the night, and, under the direction of a cadet corporal he spread the blankets, etc. Then another yearling called his attention to the fact that the water-buckets of the old cadets' tents needed filling. "Come, here, plebe," said another, "you'll soon be getting your guns, so I'll teach you how to clean yours."

In one way and another Wilfred was kept busy until tattoo. But the yearlings' manners were grave and dignified; they gave no orders, and made no demands, they could not be said to have made him perform any menial task, the penalty for which was court-martial and dismissal.

The first day in camp the plebes began police duty. The details from each company had a wheelbarrow, a shovel, and a broom. They gathered up all the rubbish about the camp and dumped it into "police hollow" near the camp. Whenever there was a sign of rain the plebes had to turn out and loosen the tent-cords, and after a shower turn out and tighten them.

The morning gun-fire and reveille was at 5:30 o'clock; police call five minutes after

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veille, and also at 4 P.M.; surgeon's call fifteen minutes after reveille. Breakfast at six o'clock and troop at eight. Dinner was at one o'clock. Dress parade took place at sunset, and supper immediately after. Tattoo at 9:30, and taps at ten o'clock, when all lights must be out.

There was no military instruction on Sunday. Church call was at 10:35 A.M. Cadets are required to attend the service. Those who preferred, on the ground of their religious faith, to attend some place of worship at West Point other than the Cadet Chapel, had to submit a written declaration to that effect, with the approval of their parents or guardians, when minors, for the consideration of the superintendent.

The plebes received practical instruction in infantry tactics, police duty and discipline, and practical instruction in artillery tactics. They have very little time for recreation; only on Saturday afternoons and on Sundays is there really time and opportunity for rest.

By the 5th of July the plebe squads were reduced to two big consolidated ones, and the

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whole class began to receive instruction in artillery tactics at the field battery south of the camp.

After dinner on the 5th of July a number of cadets, Lorimer and Lenox among them, received full uniforms, and were ordered to get ready to march on guard the next morning.

In the morning, when the assembly sounded, the plebes who were to begin guard duty appeared in full uniform for a preliminary inspection. The Commandant, Lieutenant Colonel Grey, with Lieutenant Bromley, came out to look at the members of the new class for guard. All looked neat and trim, but the Colonel expressed his approval at the sight of Wilfred's glistening equipment and snowy belt.

Wilfred was thoroughly acquainted with the duties of a sentinel. He calmly walked the Post No. 4, and looked thoroughly at home, but he paid careful attention to the instructions given him by the officers of the guard. When he repeated his long list of instructions to the officer in charge and the cadet officer of the day, they both highly praised him.

Cadet Lorimer.

During dinner the yearlings at Company A's table pestered Wilfred with all sorts of questions. He kept his temper and answered correctly all that were not broad burlesque.

Cadets dread the first night on guard, but all have to experience it. Wilfred was kept busy hurrying from one end of his post to the other, challenging mock officers, armed parties, guard rounds, reliefs, friends with the counter-sign and enemies without it. He became confused and bewildered and lost his nerve and temper. He shouted for the corporal of the guard, Post No. 4, but that official seemed particularly deaf that night.

Lorimer and Lenox soon decided to "try for colors." When the battalion stack their arms immediately after "troop," the color-bearer furls the flag and lays it upon the center stack, a sentinel is immediately posted, and there the flag remains until four o'clock. All persons going in or out of camp must pass around the line and raise the cap in salute to the flag, and it is the duty of the sentinel to see that every one does so. Ordinary sentinels walk post eight hours during the tour of twenty-four,

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two hours on and four off, but the color-men from 8:45 to 4 P.M.; that is, less than two and a half hours apiece, and there is no duty at night; so it is a great thing to win one of the colors at guard mounting.

Lorimer and Lenox tossed up their guns a second time, inviting Cadet-Adjutant Norris to inspect them. He chose Wilfred as one of the three men to man the color line. Frank Lenox was filled with jealousy and anger when he was passed by and Lorimer chosen.

Wilfred Lorimer was seventeen years of age, and a perfect specimen of youthful health and vigor. He was tall, erect, graceful, his form as faultlessly molded as that of a Greek statue. His complexion was a clear, dark olive, and his cheeks had the rich coloring of youth. His eyes were of the deepest black, large and brilliant. His face was oval, the features fine and regular, but at times there was a sneering, sarcastic expression about the firm, handsome mouth, and a sinister light in the eyes, that marred his manly beauty. He knew he was handsome, and was very vain. This, together with his haughty manner, jealous disposition, and

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passionate temper made him unpopular, and he had few real friends among his classmates. But the fourth class regarded him as their champion, for he was the strongest man in the class, and stood up stoutly for the rights of the plebes.

In a short time the yearlings decided that Mr. Lorimer was entirely "too fresh," and must be brought down. He was subjected to all sorts of annoyances. His quick temper often got the better of him, and this made it all the worse for him.

Frank Lenox was the most popular man in his class. His frank, good-natured way of taking a joke saved him much annoyance; he took no notice of petty tricks, but at the same time he let the old cadets see he could hold his own and would not take an insult.

The punishments to which a cadet is liable are: First, privation of recreation and privileges; extra duty, reprimands, arrests, or confinement to his room or tent, or in the light prison; reduction of officers to the ranks. Second, confinement in the dark prison. Third, suspension; dismissal, with the privilege of re-

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signing; public dismissal. The punishments of the first class are inflicted by the superintendent; those of the second only by sentence of court martial, except in cases of mutinous conduct, or breach of arrest; those of the third class only by the Secretary of War.

Besides these punishments there are the demerits, ranging from one demerit for an offence of the seventh class, up to ten for one of the first class. For the most trifling thing—a loose button, a speck of dust, etc.—the cadets receive one or more demerits. Any cadet who receives 125 demerits between June 1st and December 31st is reported deficient in discipline and dismissed.

Every cadet reported for an offence has forty-eight hours in which to render a written explanation to the Commandant. If the explanation is satisfactory, the report is crossed off; if not, the offence is registered against the cadet, and he receives one or more demerits, according to the seriousness of the offence. Demerits are not recorded for the new cadets before July 15th, and for cadets who join September 1st not until October 1st.

Cadet Lorimer.

On the 15th of July the plebes were informed that hereafter they would be reported for all delinquencies. The next evening, after parade, when Mr. Norris read the delinquency list from the "skin-book," Lorimer was reported for inattention during drill. He really had no excuse, but he wrote an explanation. The Commandant returned it, with a sharp reprimand, and Wilfred received more demerits for offering a highly improper excuse.

A few days later hot words were exchanged between Corporal Chanler and Wilfred. The latter lost all control over himself, and suddenly raising his hand, he gave the yearling a stinging blow on the right cheek.

Livid with rage, Chanler sprang on the plebe, but Wilfred was ready for him, and felled him to the earth. Chanler sprang to his feet and there would have been a fight on the spot if several yearlings had not grabbed hold of him.

"Keep cool, Chanler; you can't fight now. You can settle it later."

Choking with passion, the Corporal growled: "You shall answer to me for this, plebe."

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"You shall have all the satisfaction you want, Mr. Chanler," Wilfred answered, haughtily.

"Warren, will you be my second?" asked Chanler.

"Yes," the corporal answered.

"Alison, you'll stand by me, won't you?" asked Wilfred, turning to a plebe who stood near; "I've just been aching for a chance to thrash that prig, Chanler, and now I've got it," he continued, turning to Warren with flashing eyes.

"All right, my young fighting cock; we'll try to accommodate you to-night during supper," sneered Warren.

"As the challenged party, it is my right and not yours to name the time and style of fight," Wilfred said haughtily. "I will fight Mr. Chanler to-night during supper, and by the Marquis of Queensbury rules." Then turning to Chanler he said coldly: "See that you and Mr. Warren are ready."

It was unusual for a plebe to bear himself so haughtily towards a yearling, and Chanler's brow darkened.

"Confound you, plebe," he said angrily;

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"how dare you speak to an old cadet in this manner? I'll make a chopping-block of you to-night."

Wilfred's only answer was a contemptuous sneer that made the yearling's blood boil.

The fife and drums began to thunder away at "The Roast Beef of Old England," and put an end to further conversation.

All through dinner nothing was talked of at the table of Company A but the coming "mill" between Chanler and Lorimer.

In spite of every effort to keep the details secret, the whole corps knew when the fight was to come off.

Thirty old cadets fell out after parade, as they were allowed to do in case they did not care to go to the mess-hall. Wilfred and his second borrowed old dress coats and white trousers.

Fort Clinton is just across posts Nos. 2 and 3. The referee, Cadet Lieutenant Rush, had seen to it that at a certain time the sentinels on these posts should be far apart, with their backs to each other (which is against the rule). Those who desired to witness the fight as-

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sembled at the ice-water tank, near which the posts meet, and when the sentinels' backs were turned they dashed across the posts and over the ramparts of Fort Clinton and stopped near Kosciusko's monument.

Chanler had the advantage of a year's training in the splendid gymnasium of West Point, but Wilfred had been well trained at Clifton Hall. Both men were about equal in size and strength; lithe, quick, and well taught with the gloves. Opinions were about even as to which would win.

The combatants removed their coats and with bared chests and arms stepped forward into the ring. Wilfred was cool and collected, but white as marble to the very lips. A wild, lurid light burned in his eyes, and his lips curled back from the glittering white teeth.

The fight was one of the longest and fiercest ever seen at Fort Clinton. Round after round was fought. At last a terrible blow from Wilfred hurled Chanler to the ground. He tried to rise as "Time!" was called, but he fell back with a groan, and Wilfred was declared the victor.

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The combatants resembled a couple of prize-fighters after a battle. Wilfred hurried to his tent. He changed back to plebe dress, and proceeded to bathe his bumps and bruises, assisted by Alison.

The moment the cadets broke ranks after supper the plebes rushed in search of their champion, and the others clustered around the referee for particulars.

"The plebe won," Rush answered; "I never in my life saw any one fight as he did. He pitched into Chanler like a wild beast. He's a perfect demon when his blood is up."

The next morning Chanler's name appeared on the morning sick report, submitted to the Commandant, with "contusions" given as the reason of his disability. Every officer knew that "contusions" meant another fight, but as no one had been caught in the act, no punishment followed.

Every day made the plebes more and more at home in their duties and in their new life, but it was not pleasant to be compelled, whether in ranks or not, wherever they moved, to walk with the shoulders forced back, whether erect

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or not, the little fingers on the seams of the trousers and the palms of the hands turned square to the front. This method is resorted to in order to square the shoulders, flatten the back and counteract the awkward carriage of many of the new cadets.

Wilfred received few demerits, and seemed to get along pretty smoothly until the beginning of August. Then there was a fight between a yearling and a plebe named Wilmarth, and Wilfred was the latter's second.

Several rounds were fought when a sudden shout of warning went up, the cadets darted over the parapet and across the road and down the thickly wooded steep towards the Chain Battery walk. Lieutenant Bromley, the army officer commanding Company A, had "jumped" the fight. He recognized Wilfred and the referee, Rush.

Wilfred was seated in his tent when the patrol came from the guard tent and he was ordered to fetch his blanket and come along.

In full uniform Mr. Norris went to Rush's tent and delivered the following order: "Mr. Rush, you are hereby placed in close arrest, and

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confined to your tent. Charge, promoting a fight. By order of Lieutenant-Colonel Gray."

As a cadet officer Rush was confined to his own tent instead of at the guard tents.

A week later Mr. Norris read at parade:

"HEADQUARTERS U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY,
"August 8th, 189—.

"*Orders No. —.* For inciting, promoting or otherwise participating in a fight, Cadet Lieutenant Rush, first class, U. S. M. A., is hereby reduced to the ranks and confined to the body of camp east of the color line until the 28th of August.

"New Cadet Lorimer, for taking part in the same, is confined to camp for the same period.

"Both are released from arrest and restored to duty. By command of

"GENERAL BLANK, Superintendent."

But Wilfred's troubles were not over. The last week of the encampment, Sylvan Edmiston visited West Point, and Wilfred had permission to see him for half an hour in the rear of the guard tents, and then he told his friend

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how to cross the sentinel's post and get to his tent. Wilfred and Sylvan were chatting away when the officer of the day appeared, and as he is "on honor" to report every violation of the rules that he sees, he reported Lorimer for having a citizen in his tent. As it was the 28th of August, the last day of the encampment, Wilfred got two weeks' confinement in light prison.

On the 28th, at mid-day, the furlough men returned. They received a tumultuous greeting; a charge of the first and third classes from camp, and there was a general smashing of derby hats. The plebes spent the last evening in camp singing, reciting, and dancing for the amusement of the returned second class men.

In the presence of a vast throng of spectators the cadets broke camp. A single tap of the drum and every tent fell at once. And then, to the music of the band, the battalion marched over to the barracks.

Wilfred and Alfred Lyman were room mates. As plebes they had only the choice of the top or bottom floor of the front of the barracks. Their room was in the third division

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“cockloft,” as the upper story in the barracks is called.

Every cadet has his own alcove or bedroom, separated by a wooden partition. On the side nearest the wall is a light iron bedstead. The rooms are very plainly furnished; a small plain calendar may be placed on the wall over the gas fixture, and a small, plain clock on the mantel, but pictures or statuary are not allowed.

Everything must be kept in perfect order. Each week, alternately, Wilfred and Alfred was orderly and responsible for the order of the room. Every morning, immediately after reveille roll-call, the orderly thoroughly sweeps every part of the floor of the room, dusts the furniture and woodwork, and sweeps the dirt collected into the hall, and brings the water needed. A policeman, or janitor, sweeps the hall, carries out the waste water and scrubs the rooms and hall-floors when necessary. The orderly sees that a light is in his room immediately after evening call to quarters, and is extinguished when the occupants are absent on duty.

Every night after tattoo, and at or before

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taps, he causes all the lights in the rooms not authorized to be extinguished.

The orderly board, giving the name of the orderly for the week, hangs on the pillar of the alcove partition. Each cadet posts his own name over the alcove, and on the back of the door his hours of recitation, to account for his absence from the room at any inspection.

The rooms are inspected in the morning by the cadet-lieutenant of the subdivision, then later by the cadet officer of the day, and morning and evening by the army officer in charge of the company. If any of the inspectors find the most trifling thing wrong, as books, chairs, or shoes out of place, even a piece of paper on the floor, he looks at the orderly board and whether the things belong to the orderly or his room-mate, he is responsible, and unless he can give a satisfactory explanation he receives so many demerits and light punishment.

Life in barracks is very dull and monotonous, and there is very little opportunity for social pleasure. Hops are given through the winter on Saturday nights, but the plebes do not attend them.

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The morning gun fire and reveille is at six o'clock (Sunday, 6:30) roll-call; police call; five minutes after reveille. The surgeon's call is fifteen minutes after reveille, when those who are ill go to the hospital to receive the necessary medical attendance, and to be excused by the surgeon from the performance of such academic or military duty as they are incompetent to perform.

After the rooms are inspected the cadets clean their arms, or study or take physical exercise. Breakfast is at 6:30, twenty-five minutes are allowed for the meal, and a period of recreation ensues. At 7:15 the guard is mounted. While in barracks the cadets only perform guard duty at meals, during the hours allotted to study, and on Sundays.

At 7:55 the bugle summons one-half of the entire corps to recitation, and while one-half recites, the other half, each in his own room, is required to study. Study and recitation alternate for five hours. At 1 o'clock comes dinner, and an hour is allowed for the meal and recreation. At 2 o'clock study and recitations begin again, and alternate until 4 P.M.

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A short period of recreation is followed by drill for about one hour and a half, and dress parade takes place at sundown. Supper comes immediately afterward, except that it is never earlier than half-past five.

After thirty minutes for recreation, the bugle calls to quarters and evening study, which continues until tattoo, at half-past nine. At 10 o'clock comes the "taps," when the lights are extinguished, or, in cadet language, "dousing the glim." All cadets must be in bed, except the cadet-officers who inspect the rooms to see that the regulations are observed.

Saturday afternoon is a holiday, except between 2 and 2:30, when the weekly inspection of the battalion takes place. On Wednesdays after 4 P.M. there are no drills. On Sundays there are no recitations or military duties, except guard and inspection of quarters at 9:45. Church call is at 10:40; the cadets march to and from the chapel, they wear white gloves, white belts, and the cadet officers wear swords. The latter are removed during the service.

In September there are infantry drills, and in October artillery drills at the various bat-

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teries. In November outdoor drills cease until April. In April there are infantry drills, and in May artillery. In every month from September until June there are cavalry exercises.

For half an hour after breakfast, dinner or supper the cadets can visit in barracks, or go from room to room. At any other time, day or night, visiting is forbidden, and is punished by demerits and confinement.

A number of "Seps" arrived. They are cadets, who, on account of illness or some other unavoidable cause, did not report in June. They began recitations with the rest of the plebes, but for weeks they attended drills in squads by themselves.

Wilfred had two weeks' confinement in light prison. The light prisons are rooms in the angle of the barracks, and they are off limits for the other cadets. The cadet officer of the day has the key, and he lets out the prisoner for meals, recitations and military duties. Cadets in light prison march to meals with the guard.

During the period of recreation after supper Lyman generally went for a walk, but Wil-

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fred and his friends sat in his room and smoked cigars. The use of tobacco in any form is forbidden, but many of the cadets use it. It is very easy to bribe some of the servants or the drum boys to buy cigars for them. But Wilfred never smoked himself or allowed others to do so when Lyman was orderly, for if discovered he would be held responsible, and, with all his faults, Lorimer was too generous to let Alfred suffer for his fault.

One evening, when he was orderly, even after the call to quarters, Wilfred continued to smoke. Bang! There was a single knock at the door. Wilfred threw the cigar into a corner and sprang up and "stood attention," stiff and rigid as a steed ramrod. In came Lieutenant Bromley. The air was heavy with the odor of tobacco. The officer's face grew stern, but he said nothing, only glared at the orderly board. The next evening Mr. Norris read from the "skin-book":

"Lorimer, orderly; tobacco smoke in quarters, 7:30 P.M."

Wilfred could offer no excuse, and, besides the demerits, for six consecutive Saturday af-

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ternoons, armed and equipped as a sentry, he tramped up and down the area of the barracks.

The studies of the fourth class are the first part of the course in mathematics, first part of the course in French; course in English studies and military gymnastics; use of the small sword, broad sword and bayonet. Wilfred had the advantage of a finished education, and he was a brilliant scholar. He had been over the course in mathematics time and time again; and he could converse fluently in French. In a short time he was in the first section. Frank Lenox had been well educated, but he was not such a brilliant scholar as Wilfred. By hard study, however, he got into the first section and managed to stay there, but often his heart was filled with bitter envy as he listened to his classmate's finished recitations.

Alfred Lyman had been but imperfectly educated, and he had to study very hard. Wilfred generously gave him all the help he could.

Alfred was a Universalist and strict church member, while Wilfred boldly declared he was an atheist, yet the two were the best of friends, and remained so while at the Academy.

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Wilfred was a fine soldier and brilliant scholar, but in some ways he recklessly violated the regulations. Besides the use of cigars he often ventured off cadet limits, and once in a while he joined a few other cadets in playing cards. Some of his friends warned him to be careful, but Wilfred passionately resented their interference.

Alfred was shocked to find that his roommate, with Alison, Wilmarth and several others of the "fast set," spent part of Sunday in playing cards, and he determined to speak to Wilfred.

One evening Lorimer sat reading a book he had smuggled into barracks, and when he laid it down Alfred took it up and glanced at the title page. It was a novel written by a noted rationalist, and Alfred noticed in one place that the miraculous birth of our Saviour was openly ridiculed.

"Wilfred, don't read that book," he said earnestly. "If you only knew the comfort, the peace of a believer, if you would only try to follow Christ, how much happier you would be."

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The proud atheist's lip curled. "The Bible is nothing but a mass of contradictions and errors," he said haughtily, "and I doubt if such a person as Jesus Christ ever lived."

"How is it possible for four men to each have falsely drawn the same character?" asked Alfred. "The fact that we have such a record is a positive proof that such a life was lived and such doctrines were taught. It was out of the power of man to imagine such a being, such a life, and such doctrines. If Christ never lived how do you account for Christianity?"

"If such a person did live He was nothing but a good man," said the atheist sullenly.

"Jesus Christ was the Son of God," Alfred answered firmly. "It is true we cannot comprehend his miraculous birth, but how, otherwise, can we account for the mighty miracles of our Saviour? No mere man could have lived such a life, and performed such miracles as Christ did. Jesus of Nazareth was more than a mere mortal. He is the Incarnate Word of the Father Almighty, Son of God and Son of Man, who for us men, and for our salvation,

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was crucified, and was buried, and according to the Scriptures, rose again the third day."

"He never taught anything new," the atheist insisted.

"Who before our Saviour ever taught the universal Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the spiritual kingdom of heaven and the way for men to obtain eternal life? Tell me who ever taught these things? If they are but old truths put in a new form, tell me where are these old truths to be found?"

"The Jehovah you Christians worship is——" began Wilfred.

"Stop!" cried Alfred sternly, "God is a kind and loving Father. The Bible says: 'The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.' Wilfred Lorimer, never in my presence shall you speak irreverently of God or our Saviour."

There was a pause, then Alfred said gravely: "Wilfred, I heard that last Sunday you, with Alison and others, spent part of the day gambling, playing cards for money——"

"Who gave you the right to dictate to me, Mr. Lyman?" asked Wilfred, turning on him

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with flashing eyes. "I don't pretend to be one of the saints," he continued, with a covert sneer. "You can go your way and I'll go mine."

Alfred's face flushed hotly at the insult. Wilfred turned to the window and hummed:

*"To the ladies of the Orange clime, let all
our bumpers flow;
Who dares gainsay their peerless charms must
take a knightly blow,*

*We'll throw the gauntlet in their cause, and
taunt the soulless foe,
Who hesitates to drink to them at Benny
Haven's, oh!"*

For several days there was a coldness between Wilfred and Alfred, and then the former made an humble apology.

At last came the January examination. Wilfred passed it very easily. In spite of his recklessness he had fewer demerits than any one in the fourth class, except Alfred, and he was

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head of the class. Lenox was third and Lyman stood tenth. Frank Lenox had studied very hard all the term, and expected to be first. He made no attempt to conceal his jealousy and disappointment.

The January examination terminated the term of probation for the plebes; they received their warrants and were sworn into the service of the United States for eight years. A number were pronounced "not proficient," and discharged.

One evening, soon after the examination, Wilfred, Alison and Wilmarth went to supper at Highland Falls after "taps." On the way back they met Lieutenant Bromley. He recognized Wilmarth and called out sternly:

"Halt, Mr. Wilmarth."

Finding he was "hived perfectly frigid," the cadet stood still.

"Who were the others with you, Mr. Wilmarth?"

"I prefer not to answer, sir."

"Go to your quarters in close arrest," was the stern order.

Then the Lieutenant hurried back to the

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Academy. He informed Colonel Grey of what had occurred, and an inspection was ordered. As the name of each cadet is written over his alcove it was easy to discover that Cadet Alison was absent.

Wilfred succeeded in reaching his room and slipping into bed just an instant before the inspector entered. When the lantern was flashed into his face he opened one eye and moved uneasily, as if disturbed in the midst of a sound slumber.

The next day Alison and Wilmarth were summoned before General Blank. Lieutenant Bromley positively asserted there were three cadets. Alison and Wilmarth were sharply questioned, but they would not tell the name of the other.

"Who was the third culprit?" No one knew; not even Lyman was aware that his roommate had been absent that night.

Alison and Wilmarth were placed in close arrest and a court-martial was ordered to try them. Every effort was made to discover who the other was, but in vain. During the trial Wilfred was in an agony of fear.

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The two culprits were found guilty, the President approved of the sentence of the court and they were publicly dismissed.

The winter soon passed and the spring drills began. At the June examination, Wilfred was still head of the class, and he was chosen first corporal. Lenox and Lyman were also made corporals.

The plebes are addressed as Mr. by the other cadets, first class men and all, but the next year the formal title is dropped, and the new yearlings are welcomed to the comradeship of the corps. They are called by their surnames or nicknames, and in return they address even the first captain as Jones or Smith.

Wilfred was one of the yearlings chosen for special duty over plebes. Lenox had hoped to win this honor, and no cadet marched into camp with such a demon of jealousy and bitter hatred in his heart as did Frank Lenox.

Wilfred ruled his men with a rod of iron, but never was there a better drill-master, and his squad was the first to be put in uniform and receive muskets. As they were in the same company, Wilfred and Alfred were tent-mates.

Cadet Lorimer.

The yearlings attended the hops that are given on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, from 8 o'clock till 11, during the encampment. The handsomest man in the corps, a splendid dancer, and perfectly at home in polite society, Wilfred Lorimer was a great pet among the ladies, and soon gained the reputation of being a "spoony man."

No one did his duty better than Cadet Corporal Lorimer. The officers declared he was a born soldier. From a military standpoint, the strictest and most exacting among them could find no fault with him, but personally he was not a favorite with any of them.

Lenox was the most popular man in the corps. Frank envied Wilfred and was jealous of the class honors he won, while Wilfred cordially hated Frank because of his popularity with the cadets. Keen and bitter was the rivalry between them.

At the first hop of the season Wilfred was introduced to Eveline Grey, the Commandant's daughter, a pretty brunette, just seventeen years of age. She was a pupil in the private seminary of the Misses Verner, on North Broad Street,

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Philadelphia, and was home for the summer vacation. She wore a dress of white satin, trimmed with tulle and white satin ribbon.

Wilfred Lorimer was a pet among the young ladies at the "Point," and, while he flirted and fooled with a great many of them, still he was very attentive to Miss Grey, and most of the girls envied her.

During the last week of the encampment, the Cadet Captain of Company A reported Lorimer for neglect of duty. The offence was a serious one, and Wilfred trembled for the result. He felt almost certain that he would be reduced to the ranks. His pride was stung at the thought of the disgrace, and it maddened him to think how Lenox would triumph over him. He cursed his folly. He was seated in his tent when a drum-boy orderly came up and said:

"Mr. Lorimer, General Blank wants to see you."

Wilfred went to the office, saluted and stood attention. General Blank's face was grave and stern, and Wilfred was most severely reprimanded. There were several officers in the

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room, and to be so severely rebuked before them stung the haughty Lorimer's pride to the very quick. He was compelled to stand silent and attentive during the reprimand, but he grew crimson to the very temples with mortification and anger.

"Your offence is a serious one, Mr. Lorimer, and seems to be the result of willful carelessness," the General concluded in his sternest tone, "but you have had such an excellent record since you entered the Academy, and as it is the first really serious offence for which you have been reported, I shall not reduce you to the ranks, but there must be no more such reports. That is all."

Wilfred saluted, faced about, and gravely marched away, holding his head very high, and looking straight before him, but his face was hot and frowning.

His classmates all expected he would be broken, and they congratulated him on getting off with ten demerits and a reprimand, but Wilfred knew if he were reported again he would lose his chevrons.

The Misses Verner's seminary did not re-

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open until the 15th of September. The last Saturday that Miss Grey would be at the "Point" Wilfred called on her, and just before taking his leave he asked her if she would write to him once in a while.

"I will if mother is willing," Eveline replied.

"Shall I ask her, then?" inquired Wilfred.

"Oh, yes, if you like," Miss Eveline responded.

He asked Mrs. Grey's permission to establish a friendly correspondence with her daughter. Wilfred was not a favorite with either the Commandant or his wife, and she said, rather coldly:

"I really don't think it would be best, Mr. Lorimer. I was brought up very strictly in that regard myself, and have never allowed Eveline to have any correspondence except among her girl friends."

Wilfred was sorry, and said so; he tried to urge her to alter her decision, but she was firm.

The fourth class spend one hour daily in the gymnasium, in athletics, and horseback exer-

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cises on wooden steeds, but in the second year the instruction in the riding-hall begins. The exhibitions of horsemanship made are truly wonderful, and at the end of his second year a cadet can perform feats that would astonish a circus-rider. Wilfred was fond of horses, and a good rider, and he soon became the most expert and daring rider in his class. He was also a splendid shot, and could easily disarm the fencing master.

At the January examination, Wilfred was still at the head of his class. The winter soon passed, and Wilfred got through it without getting into any serious scrapes.

As June approached, tailors visited the Point with samples of summer suitings, and the commissary tailor also had samples to show, and the yearlings ordered new suits to wear on furlough.

A salute of seventeen guns was fired when the Board of Visitors arrived. Beginning with guard-mounting at 8 o'clock, oral examination from 9 to 4, followed by infantry, artillery, or cavalry drill, the day ended with dress parade at sunset. In the evening

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those cadets who had permits could be together at the hotel or officers' quarters. During all these festivities, which lasted about three weeks, all the cadets were undergoing rigid examinations, at which many failed.

When the results of the examination were announced, Wilfred led the second class, and was made first sergeant. Lenox and Lyman were also sergeants.

Lenox heard his rival's name read out as first sergeant with bitter envy.

"—— that proud Lorimer!" he thought, grinding his teeth in jealous anger. "He shall not graduate number one, I swear he shall not."

The pay of a cadet is \$540 a year. All wants are supplied at a trifle above cost, and each month the cadets are credited with \$45, and it is sufficient, with economy, to supply all wants. When cadets leave the Academy the balance due is paid over to them.

When the furlough men came to settle accounts with the treasurer, some had quite a nice little sum due to them; others, who had been extravagant, had nothing, and Wilfred was among them.

Belle of West Point.

CHAPTER XI.

BELLE OF WEST POINT.

"Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,
Fair as the Angel that said 'hail!' she seemed;
For her fresh and innocent eyes
Had such a star of morning in their blue,
That all the neglected places of the field
Broke into nature's music when they saw her."
—*Aylmer's Field. Tennyson.*

"The lover is a god,—the ground
He threads on is not ours;
His soul by other laws is bound,
Sustained by other powers;
His own and that one other heart
Form for himself a world apart."
—*Milnes.*

WILFRED was Alfred's guest for two weeks in a pretty country town in Pennsylvania, and Lyman did all in his power to make the visit a pleasant one.

Alfred was Wilfred's guest for a short time at the residence of Mr. Fairlie, and then they both visited a classmate.

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Roland would have leave of absence during the latter part of Wilfred's furlough, and the brothers had arranged to go to Long Branch.

"I want a generous sum, Mr. Fairlie," Wilfred said haughtily. "Things cannot be had for nothing at Long Branch."

His guardian filled out a check and gave it to him. Wilfred's brow grew dark as night. "Mr. Fairlie, I am nineteen, and I will not be treated like a child," he said angrily. "I want three times as much as that."

"The sum I have given you will gratify every reasonable want," his guardian answered sternly. "I make no allowance for fashionable vices."

Wilfred's eyes flashed fire.

"I have a right to do what I like with my own."

"You are not of age yet," Mr. Fairlie answered coldly, and he turned away.

Wilfred burst into a violent passion and urged and pleaded in vain for a larger check.

"I shall give you no more," was his guardian's firm answer, and Wilfred knew he might just as well try to move a stone wall.

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"I warn you, Mr. Fairlie, that I shall do just as I like," he said angrily.

"Understand me, Wilfred, I will not be responsible if you run in debt."

"We'll see about that," sneered Wilfred, and he left the room, slamming the door violently.

Mr. Edmiston and his family were among the guests at the West End Hotel at Long Branch. Sylvan was a sophomore at Harvard, and had the name of being the fastest fellow in the college. He had many friends among the young men at the fashionable resort, and the whole set indulged in every fashionable folly. Roland tried hard to get his brother away from them, but he might just as well have talked to the wind.

One day Wilfred said abruptly:

"Roley, I want five hundred dollars. I lost it at play, and the debt must be paid."

Roland sharply reproved him.

"I didn't come here to have you read me a lecture," Wilfred said angrily. "Let me have the money, Roley. If the debt of honor is not

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paid I should be disgraced forever. I could never hold up my head again."

"It would do you no good to give you the money; it would only encourage you to gamble all the more. Oh, Wilfred, that vice has been the curse of our family."

"I must have the money, Roley. I cannot appeal to old Fairlie, for he said he wouldn't be responsible if I run in debt. Where else can I get it?"

"If I give you the money will you promise not to play or bet again?"

"No; I shall promise nothing," was Wilfred's sharp retort.

At last, after a long and stormy scene, and against his better judgment, Roland gave him the money, but firmly declared it would be the last penny for such a purpose.

The handsome ensign and his cadet brother were favorites with the fair sex, and Wilfred flirted with every pretty girl he met. Roland was courteous and attentive to the ladies, but he never flirted. More than one woman would gladly become Mrs. Lorimer, but Roland had loved once and forever.

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All too soon for him, Wilfred's furlough came to an end. The wild life had told on him; he looked pale and utterly worn out. Mr. Fairlie's check was soon gone, and Roland firmly refused him another penny after paying the gambling debt, but Wilfred had no difficulty in getting anything he wanted on Sylvan's recommendation. Just before he started for West Point he placed a number of bills in Roland's hands.

"You must pay these, Roley," he said coolly.

Roland hesitated whether to send them to Mr. Fairlie or not. He finally decided to pay them, but he wrote a stern, sharp letter to his brother.

Alfred Lyman and Wilfred were still in Company A, and room-mates.

The studies of the second class are difficult, and this year Wilfred had to study hard, and he did not relish it, but he was ambitious, and determined to keep his place.

The position of cadet-sergeant is a trying one. The first class men think it beneath their

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dignity to be attentive to regulations, and the sergeants have to be constantly awake, or the company will become lax. Wilfred knew this, and he decided that the first class should be just as soldierly as the others.

One morning, Ralph Fullerton, a dandy first class man, who was nicknamed "Curly," backed into ranks with his belts disarranged, and attempted to adjust them.

"Fullerton, fall out and fix your belts," was Wilfred's stern order.

The cadet glanced at him out of the corner of his eye, but did not move. Wilfred's brow darkened, but his voice was low and firm.

"Fullerton, fall out at once and fix those belts."

"My belts are all right," Fullerton answered sullenly.

"They were disarranged when you fell in ranks," Wilfred said sternly. "You heard my order to fall out and disobeyed it."

The next evening after parade the cadet-adjutant read the following, among the reports:

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"FULLERTON—Adjusting belts in ranks at reveille.

"SAME—Continuing same after being ordered to fall out.

"SAME—Replying to first sergeant from ranks."

Just before supper, Hugh Maitland, one of the strongest men in the corps, came to Wilfred and said:

"Mr. Lorimer, you have taken advantage of Mr. Fullerton's size. You wouldn't have dared to speak to him as you did if you weren't altogether too big for him to tackle. In his name and that of the first class I demand satisfaction."

Wilfred gazed at him scornfully.

"I am ready, Mr. Maitland," he said haughtily. "You shall have all the satisfaction you want."

The battle at Fort Clinton during supper was long and terrible. At last, about five minutes before the call to quarters, Maitland was hurled to the earth. He tried to rise but fell back.

"I yield, I yield," he gasped.

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Almost stunned with the force of the blow, he lay for a few moments unable to move, and several of the cadets went to his assistance.

Wilfred was battered and bruised, nearly blind, and his wrist was sprained. He was in the hospital for three days, and Maitland for a week.

For a long time the "mill" between Lorimer and Maitland was the talk of the whole corps.

Fullerton's reports were serious ones, and he walked punishment tours until Christmas.

Wilfred had no more trouble with any of the company.

Eveline Grey had been graduated from the Misses Verner's Academy in June, and when Wilfred returned from his furlough, he renewed his attentions to her, and all through the winter he spent a great deal of his spare time with her. Alfred Lyman had paid her a good deal of attention, but, seeing that she favored Wilfred, he left the field to him.

In June Wilfred Lorimer was head of the first class, and was chosen first captain. Lyman was the senior lieutenant, and Frank Lenox captain of Company B.

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Captain Rexford was the army officer commanding Company A that year. Just after the graduating exercises his daughter Ida came home from boarding-school, having graduated with high honors.

Ida Rexford was an only child, and from very infancy she had been petted and indulged, and her every whim gratified. Once in a while Captain Rexford remonstrated with his wife about the way she was spoiling Ida, but he was an easy-going man, completely under the influence of his wife. Ida was very beautiful, but vain, selfish and utterly heartless. At fifteen years of age she was sent to Madame du Lauren's classical and finishing school for young ladies, where she remained until she was eighteen. It was an enigma how Captain Rexford managed to send his daughter to such an expensive school, as he had nothing but his pay.

On Saturday afternoon, Wilfred and other cadets called on Mrs. Rexford. They were introduced to Ida, and she completely fascinated them all.

At the hop on Monday night Ida was the

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most beautiful young lady present. She was of a nice height, with a graceful figure, a pink and white complexion, rosy lips, large, beautiful eyes of the deepest violet, and golden brown hair. She wore an exquisite toilette of dotted pale green mousseline de soie over green satin, with a bodice of green broche, trimmed with velvet and white lace. It was very becoming to her blonde beauty.

She was surrounded by admirers, but Wilfred and Frank Lenox were the favored ones. From that night Wilfred was the devoted slave of Ida Rexford. A wild passion (Wilfred was incapable of feeling real love) like a consuming fire, burned in his heart. Eveline Grey was completely forgotten.

A few days later Wilfred and a number of other first class men obtained permits to attend a picnic. All the party got in boats and off they went. They rowed across the river under the bridge and landed on the east side of the Hudson.

The ladies knew the cadets had no way of providing refreshments, and they themselves had brought a plentiful lunch, and while they

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arranged it the cadets wandered off by themselves. Wilfred and Frank Lenox devoted themselves to Ida. Lenox's attentions to her annoyed Wilfred, but he did not think of him as a possible rival.

On the morning of the fourth of July exercises were held in the chapel, in the evening there was a display of fireworks and a hop in Grant Hall, which was beautifully decorated.

The next day it was noticed that Miss Rexford was wearing Wilfred's "spooney button" on her bangle bracelet.

Ida Rexford was the belle of West Point, and had no end of beaux, but she knew the attentions of Wilfred Lorimer and Frank Lenox were serious. Deep down in her heart she liked Frank Lenox; but she knew he would have nothing but his pay as second lieutenant, while Wilfred would have an income of twelve thousand dollars a year. She had expensive tastes, and was fond of luxury and ease, and she determined to marry him. But Ida Rexford was a born coquette, and her only occupations were to dress, flirt, and read novels. Sometimes she bestowed her smiles on one suitor, and

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then on the other, and she succeeded in making them violently jealous of each other.

With the gay set Ida Rexford was the belle, but when she tried to flirt with Lyman and some of the others she found herself coldly repelled. With the steadier men Eveline Grey was the favorite. Ida felt that she had a rival in Eveline, and she was very jealous.

If Eveline Grey had ever cared for Wilfred, and felt his desertion, she was too proud to let any one know. Now that Wilfred was devoting himself to Ida, Alfred Lyman felt that the field was clear, and he became very attentive to Miss Grey.

Mrs. Rexford saw Wilfred's attentions to Ida with delight, and she always had a welcome for him, while she frowned on Mr. Lenox.

"Ida," she said sharply one day, "why are you so foolish as to encourage Frank Lenox, when you must know Mr. Lorimer fairly worships you? Mr. Lenox hasn't a penny, while Mr. Lorimer will have twelve thousand a year."

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"But suppose I do not love Mr. Lorimer, mamma."

"Love! what have you to do with love, Ida Rexford? You would be mad to refuse such an offer. If your father were to die to-morrow you wouldn't have a penny."

"Mamma," Ida interrupted, "Eveline Grey had on a lovely dress at the hop last night. White tulle over pale rose silk. I want one like it, only with light blue."

"But, Ida, how am I to get it? Your dresses are a great tax on your father's pay. He scolded terribly about your last one."

"Eveline Grey shall not queen it over me," Ida answered angrily. "If she can have such a dress I want one."

"But your father's pay is only two thousand a year, Ida, while Colonel Grey——"

"If you want me to catch Wilfred Lorimer I can tell you he is mighty particular how a lady dresses."

"I am afraid to ask your father for any more money just now," her mother said, hesitatingly.

"I want a white tulle dress over blue silk."

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"I want it, and I must have it," Ida answered sharply, an angry frown on her beautiful face.

"Well, I suppose I can manage to get it somehow," her mother answered meekly.

Mrs. Rexford told her husband that she hoped Ida would be Wilfred Lorimer's wife.

A dark frown gathered on the officer's face.

"I don't like him, Helen," he said decidedly. "Wilfred Lorimer has a violent temper. He is a perfect fiend in a passion, and he is of a very jealous disposition. As his wife, Ida would be the slave of a jealous, selfish tyrant."

"But he is a rich man, Vivian, it would be folly for Ida to refuse such an offer. What would she do if you were to die?"

The officers declared Mrs. Rexford was doing all in her power to catch Lorimer for Ida, and bets were made as to whether she would succeed in landing her big fish.

Roland Lorimer had a short leave of absence the last of August, and he came to West Point. He arrived at the hotel just before dinner. There was a light battery drill that afternoon, and he went out to see it.

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Out on the plain the battery stood all harnessed and ready. The cadets were marched out and assigned to different guns. Suddenly the captain's voice rang out in command, and the order was repeated by the clear notes of the bugle. Down the level plain came the battery rushing like the wind, and with a noise as of thunder. There were six guns with limbers and caissons, each gun and caisson drawn by six horses, with a driver to every pair of horses and eight cannoneers to each gun. The horses galloped and the drivers lashed them into a foam of fury and excitement. There was a perfect interval between each gun, and in the intervals the cadet officers of the platoons and sections galloped, and on the limber chests the cannoneers sat motionless as statues.

The guns bumped against rocks, and leaped into the air, yet there was no confusion, and the battery preserved an exact alignment.

The bugle sounded and a great charge ensued. In a few seconds six guns were in position, with limbers and horses and caissons in the rear. The cannoneers stood motionless awaiting the order to fire. The order was

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given, sheets of fire burst from the great, black mouths of the cannons, and the reports followed in such rapid succession that it was impossible to count them.

With the speed of lightning did the cadets load and fire. "Boom, boom!" echoed back the surrounding hills; the clouds of smoke rose higher and higher and veiled the sunshine.

The whole group galloped from one part of the plain to another, now in column, now in line, back and forth, and firing to the right, to the left, to the rear, and in every direction; sometimes a single gun, and sometimes the entire battery boomed together in what sounded like a single report.

With brotherly pride Roland watched Wilfred, the finest horseman among them all, swinging his sabre at the head of the first platoon.

As soon as the drill was over, Roland went to the parade ground, and secured a good seat in front. There was a great crowd, and the brilliant uniforms of the officers mingled with the gay toilets of the ladies.

The companies formed in the four streets

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of the camp, and the cadet officers inspected the arms of their men. Captain Rexford, in full uniform, took his position near them.

The assembly sounded, and, at the sergeant's command, the companies emerged from the streets and ranged themselves in line. As the signal ceased, the order "Left, face!" rang out, and the cadets turned sharply in their places before being brought to support arms, by orders of the first sergeant. The cadet-adjutant lifted his hand, and the bugles sounded the adjutant's call, the adjutant and sergeant-major, with their markers, marched across the parade ground and took up their positions, the former to the right, the latter to the left; each company was led forward by its captain, dressed in line, and brought to support arms. The adjutant ordered the captains to bring their companies to parade rest, the butt of each gun fell to the ground, its barrel grasped with both hands before the breast, the cadets at parade rest; the bugles sounded off, the drum-major led his gay band along the line, from right to left and back again, playing the "Star Spangled Banner," and all the spectators stood up while

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it was being played. The bugles sounded the retreat, the sunset gun boomed forth and the stars and stripes were promptly lowered.

The adjutant stepped forward. He ordered the ranks opened, verified the alignment of officers and men, and brought the cadets to present arms. Clash! went the rifles into the gloved left hands as the battalion presented arms to Captain Rexford. The adjutant saluted the officer with his sword and announced:

"Sir, the parade is formed."

"Take your post, sir," ordered Captain Rexford. The adjutant moved to his place behind him and at his left. The Captain drew his sword, and the battalion executed the manual of arms in response to his orders.

The guns were shifted up and down, to the right, to the left, then dropped to the ground in order arms. The adjutant once more advanced. He received the reports from the first sergeants and drum-major, who stepped forward, saluted, made their reports, and then fell back into position.

The adjutant saluted Captain Rexford and made the report:

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"Sir, all are present or accounted for."

The battalion stood motionless, and in front of each company stood its captain with drawn sword. Roland thought he had never seen Wilfred look so handsome as he did then, in his shining white trousers, gray coat, snow-white belts, shining buckles and sword, crimson sash and gold chevrons, and his dress hat adorned with the tall plumes of cock-feathers.

The adjutant marched to the middle of the plain and stood facing the battalion. He took a folded paper from his crimson sash and read the orders.

The order "Parade is dismissed" was given, the captains sheathed their swords; the order to march was given, and the music burst forth. The captains marched toward the center of the line, then forward. They halted about six yards from Captain Rexford and saluted him. For an instant they paused with their hands raised to their visors; the Captain acknowledged the salute. At the same moment each cadet's hand fell to his side.

The four companies marched down the streets, the captains following them.

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They all ranged themselves in line at the back of the camp, and the adjutant read the delinquency list for the last twenty-four hours from the "skin-book."

Wilfred's letters to his brother had been full of Ida and of his hopes of winning her for his wife. At the hop that night Roland was introduced to Ida and also to Eveline Grey.

"Isn't Ida beautiful, Roland?" Wilfred asked, eagerly, as soon as they were alone.

"Very pretty," was the short answer.

"And she is as good as she is beautiful," continued the lover, passionately.

A sarcastic smile curled Roland's lip, but he made no answer.

It did not take Roland Lorimer very long to discover Ida Rexford's real character. One day he and his brother strolled to Gee's Point and sat down among the rocks.

"Wilfred, do you mean to marry Ida Rexford?" asked Roland.

"She is dearer than life to me, and I shall leave no stone unturned to win her."

"Wilfred, last year you were wild over Miss Grey, now you seem to have forgotten her.

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I think she is a noble woman, and how you can leave her for a silly flirt like Ida Rexford, I don't know."

Wilfred's face flushed hotly and Roland continued gravely:

"Wilfred, as your brother, having only your good in view, I must say Ida will not make you a good wife."

"**Your** own disappointment in love has made you a woman hater," said Wilfred angrily.

"She is very beautiful, I acknowledge, well educated and lady-like, but Ida Rexford is vain, selfish, and utterly heartless——"

"**You** shall not speak so of her!" interrupted Wilfred, passionately.

"Hear me through, Wilfred," continued his brother, earnestly. "God knows I desire only your happiness, but I cannot help feeling that Ida does not love you, it is your money she wants."

"It is false!" Wilfred cried, pale with anger. "Some one has prejudiced you against her."

"No, Wilfred, but——"

"I will not hear you, Roland. Not another word against Ida."

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"God help you, Wilfred, you are not the first man who has been deceived by a pretty face."

Wilfred sprang to his feet and walked angrily away, but he came back in a few moments.

"Look here, Roland, I love Ida and I mean to marry her—that is, if she will have me, and I won't stand any meddling from you. Think what you like of her, but keep your opinions to yourself."

Roland was polite and courteous to Miss Rexford, but she could not help seeing that he did not like her.

One evening, the last week of the encampment, Wilfred was on duty, and Ida went out for a walk with Frank Lenox. They walked along "Flirtation Walk," as the cadets call the Chain Battery walk, and sat down on a secluded seat.

There was silence for a few moments, then Frank said passionately:

"Ida, I love you, oh, how dearly I love you. Will you be my wife?"

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She started and trembled, but made no answer.

"Darling, you could not have helped seeing that I love you. Tell me that you love me and that you will be my wife."

"I cannot be your wife, Mr. Lenox. I do not love you," she said in a low, hesitating tone.

"Ida, you do love me, you cannot deny it," he cried wildly. "Oh, darling, dearest, be true to yourself!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Lenox?" she asked haughtily.

"You love me, Ida Rexford, but you will marry Wilfred Lorimer because he has twelve thousand dollars a year."

"You have no right to speak to me in that way, Mr. Lenox."

"Oh, Ida, my heart's queen, my only love, be my wife."

"I cannot be your wife," she said in icy tones. "Let us end this conversation."

"I cannot resign you, my darling. O Ida! you don't know how madly I love you. Don't

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marry a man who will make you wretched, just because he has a little money——”

“Mr. Lenox, I will not listen to you,” she said haughtily, and, rising, she was about to walk away.

“You shall not go, you shall hear me!” he panted, seizing her arm. “Ida, you don’t know Wilfred Lorimer; he has a terrible temper, and is very jealous. I know he would lead you a dreadful life. Oh, darling, don’t marry him!”

She made no answer.

“Ida, you shall not be his wife!” he cried, his eyes blazing with jealous fire. “I shall kill Wilfred Lorimer rather than have you marry him!”

“You forget yourself, Mr. Lenox. Let go of me!” she said angrily.

“You think you are sure of Wilfred Lorimer,” he said, sharply, “but he may not marry you after all. He is as fickle as the wind, and you may find yourself cast aside for a prettier face, as Eveline Grey was thrown over.”

Ida grew fairly pale with anger, and she tore her arm away.

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"How dare you speak so to me, Mr. Lenox?"

There is no knowing what Lenox would have answered, for just then Lieutenant Bromley came along. Frank saluted him and then he and Ida walked along in utter silence.

"Ida, forgive my hasty words," Frank said, brokenly. "I could not help speaking as I did, for, oh, darling, I do love you so much. Say you forgive me and let us be friends again."

She made no answer.

"Dearest, say you forgive me," he pleaded, his voice trembling with emotion.

"I forgive you," she said coldly. "There is mamma," she added, as they approached a group of ladies and gentlemen.

Frank spoke a few words to Mrs. Rexford, then lifted his cap and walked quickly away.

When Ida went to her room that night she sat for a long time thinking over Frank's proposal.

" 'You think you are sure of Wilfred Lorimer, but he may not marry you after all. He is as fickle as the wind, and you may find yourself cast aside for a prettier face, as Eveline Grey was thrown over.' "

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Those words rang in her ears. She had heard Wilfred spoken of as fickle, and she knew he had been very attentive to Eveline. She could not help contrasting Frank's love for her with Wilfred's passion. When she was his wife would Wilfred get tired of her? Would the money for which she meant to sell her happiness be spent on others?

Her brow grew black at the thought. "I mean to marry Wilfred Lorimer for his money," she thought, clinching her little fist. "Let him dare to be false to me."

Ida Rexford loved Frank Lenox; that is, she loved him as much as she could love any one but herself.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she wailed. "I love Frank so dearly, and yet—yet—I can't be a poor man's wife. O Frank, Frank, why aren't you rich?"

Then she threw herself down on the bed and burst into passionate tears.

The next morning Wilfred and Ida went out for a walk. They walked along the Chain Battery walk until they came to Kosciusko's Garden. They went down the stone steps and sat

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down. There was silence for a few moments, then Wilfred took Ida's hand, and, in burning, passionate words, he poured forth his love and asked her to marry him.

"I love you, Wilfred," she said in a low tone. "I will be your wife, and try to make your life happy."

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

"But, Ida, is your love all mine? You must know Frank Lenox is my rival. I love you passionately, dearest; you are all in all to me, and I must have all your love. I cannot be satisfied with less."

"I love no one but you, Wilfred."

"Ida, would you marry me if I had nothing but my pay?" he asked, gazing at her keenly.

She felt her face grow crimson, but her lips uttered a deliberate falsehood.

"Oh, Wilfred, how can you doubt me?" she asked reproachfully. "I would marry you if you hadn't a penny."

"Forgive me, Ida," he said gently. "I do not doubt you."

There was a pause, then he continued:

"Are you willing to marry me as soon as I

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graduate? We could be married at the Church of the Holy Innocents, and then go to Europe during my leave."

"It shall be as you wish, Wilfred."

"I must be all in all to you when we are married," he continued. "I shall be jealous of every smile, every look. Ida, I cannot answer for myself if you should rouse the demon of jealousy in me then."

Wilfred sought his brother and informed him of his betrothal.

"I asked Ida if she would marry me if I had nothing but my pay, and she told me she would marry me if I hadn't a penny."

A look of utter disgust came over Roland's face.

"I am of age on New Year's day," Wilfred continued, "and I shall marry Ida as soon as I graduate."

"Women are all alike," Roland thought in angry despair. "Mabelle sold herself for a title, and Ida Rexford will marry my brother for his twelve thousand a year, while her heart belongs to Frank Lenox. Oh, Wilfred, Wil-

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fred, God grant your eyes may be opened to Ida's true character before it is too late."

Wilfred told his tent-mate of his betrothal.

"Congratulate me, Lyman," he said joyously, "for I am the happiest man in the world to-day."

Alfred Lyman's face grew very grave.

"I cannot congratulate you, Lorimer. I am afraid you and Miss Rexford are not suited to each other, and you know I think she is a heartless flirt——"

"You have said enough, Mr. Lyman," Wilfred interrupted, angrily.

When Frank Lenox heard of Wilfred's engagement his brow grew dark as night, and his eyes blazed with jealous fire.

"He cannot love her as I do; he shall not marry her, he shall not. I swear Ida Rexford shall be my wife and not Wilfred Lorimer's."

When the engagement was announced some of the cadets declared "Lorimer must be blind not to see Miss Rexford didn't care a brass farthing for him, but wanted his money."

When Wilfred went to Captain Rexford and

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asked for his daughter, the officer gave a reluctant consent.

That fall Roland Lorimer was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and placed on duty on the man-of-war "Excelsior."

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CHAPTER XII.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL AND THE WOUNDING OF FRANK LENOX.

"Love and a crown no rivalship can bear.
Love, love! Thou sternly dost thy power maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign."
—Dryden.

"And I saw the steel of murder glitter
And the eye of murder glow!"

THE cadets returned to the barracks and Lorimer and Lyman were room-mates.

Although Ida was Wilfred's *fiancée*, she did not leave off flirting, and she drove him nearly wild with jealousy.

The seniors often take tea with the officers' families on Saturday evenings, and since his betrothal Wilfred had tea with the Rexfords nearly every week.

One evening Mrs. Rexford had an unusually dainty meal, but Wilfred was gloomy and

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silent, and scarcely tasted anything. Ida and her lover went into the parlor.

"Wilfred, why are you so silent to-night?" she asked. "Has anything gone wrong?"

Wilfred burst out in jealous anger and reproached her for flirting. Ida had a good deal of temper, and her cheeks flushed with anger.

"If you doubt me it is better for us to part," she said haughtily.

"I do not doubt you, darling, but I love you so much, and it is more than I can bear to see you receiving, and indeed encouraging, the attentions of others. If you love me, Ida, then why do you torment me so?" he asked angrily.

"I will be no man's slave," she said passionately. "And if you are going to be a jealous tyrant, Mr. Lorimer, it is better for us to part."

One morning, in the beginning of November, Wilfred met with a serious accident in the riding-hall. The exercises for the first class are from eleven o'clock to one. The cadets have the right to choose their own horses, and Wilfred selected a very spirited animal. As

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the horse started out he stumbled and fell, crushing his rider under him. The dragoons helped the horse to his feet, but Wilfred lay white and still. A stretcher was brought, and he was taken to the hospital.

The officers had given a dance the night before, and Ida had attended it, so it was very late when she rose that morning. She put on a gown of turquoise blue cashmere, with a vest of pale rose-colored silk, and a deep collar of dark blue velvet trimmed with cream-colored lace.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, as she arranged her long beautiful hair, "I wish I had a maid. I mean to when I am Mrs. Lorimer."

Ida Rexford was very self-indulgent, and she did not care how much trouble she gave any one. She asked her mamma to send her breakfast up to her. Marianne, the Irish servant, arranged the dainty meal on a tray, but all the way upstairs she grumbled about Miss Ida's laziness.

When she had finished her breakfast Ida went down into the parlor. She curled herself

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up on a sofa and began to read a sensational novel.

In a few moments Emma Bromley entered the room.

"Oh, Ida, there was a dreadful accident in the riding-hall," she cried breathlessly.

"Who was hurt?" Ida asked, languidly, and helping herself to another bon-bon.

"Mr. Lorimer's horse stumbled and fell, he was crushed under the animal and——"

"He wasn't killed? Oh, tell me he wasn't killed!" Ida cried wildly. She rushed in search of her mother and would not be satisfied until Mrs. Rexford went out to learn all she could about the accident.

In a short time Mrs. Rexford returned and told her half-frantic daughter that, while Wilfred was pretty seriously hurt, there was no real danger.

Now that she knew her lover was in no danger, Ida did not seem to care. Mrs. Bromley gave a dance that night, and, in an exquisite toilette of cream nun's veiling and lace, Ida amused herself by flirting with the handsome Lieutenant Everly.

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When Frank Lenox saw Wilfred taken out on a stretcher his heart gave a great bound.

"He won't get out of the hospital in a hurry," he thought in triumph. "'All's fair in love and war,' and now I swear Ida Rexford shall be mine."

And from that day Frank Lenox devoted himself to Ida. He visited her frequently, and she danced with him at the hops on Saturday nights. He did everything in his power to fascinate her, vowing he would leave no stone unturned to get her to break her engagement with Wilfred and marry him.

The ladies at the post declared it was scandalous the way Ida Rexford went on with Mr. Lenox while her betrothed husband was lying helpless in the hospital.

Wilfred suffered a good deal, and he was not a person to bear pain patiently. He was fretful and irritable, and often lay picturing to himself Ida flirting with others, and was tortured with jealousy.

The day after Thanksgiving Mrs. Rexford and Ida visited Wilfred, and his *fiancée* brought some beautiful hothouse flowers, whose fra-

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grance filled the room. Ida talked about the Thanksgiving hop and Mr. Lenox's name was casually mentioned.

An angry scowl gathered on her lover's brow. "Ida, don't flirt with Lenox," he pleaded.

"Wilfred, do you doubt my love for you?" she asked, in her softest voice, and gazing at him with a bright smile. "You need have no fear."

But when they left him Wilfred's face grew dark as night.

"Curse Frank Lenox," he thought in jealous fury. "If I thought Ida really cared for him and is marrying me for money, I should kill them."

It was the first of December when Wilfred left the hospital. The graduating class was beginning to discuss what they would adopt as their class ring. Jewelers from different cities sent samples, and after much discussion a design was chosen, and early in January every cadet was wearing his class ring.

Wilfred heard rumors of Ida's flirtations

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with Frank Lenox, and on Saturday afternoon he spoke very angrily to her.

"Ida, if I thought you really loved Lenox and are only going to marry me because I will have twelve thousand a year, I cannot answer for what I should do."

Ida's heart thrilled with fear, for never had she seen her lover in such a mood.

"You say you love me, Ida, and yet while I was in the hospital, racked with pain, you amused yourself by flirting recklessly with Frank Lenox," he said passionately.

Then he grasped her hand and his eyes seemed to pierce her through and through. "Beware, Ida Rexford, it will be a dangerous thing for you to try me much more."

"Oh, Wilfred, don't talk so," she pleaded. "And you look so wild, you frighten me."

"Ida, look at me," he commanded, "tell me truly, do you love me?"

"Oh, Wilfred, you know I love you, only you," she said, uttering a deliberate falsehood. "You do not love me or you would not doubt me, you would not talk so," and the tears filled her eyes.

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"Not love you!" he echoed passionately. "Oh, Ida, my love is a consuming fire, and you are the one that feeds it." He put his arm around her and drew her closely to him. "Tell me again, dearest, that you love me."

"I love you, Wilfred," she answered, raising her eyes to his. "How can you doubt me?"

Ida exerted herself to the utmost, but she could not drive away the gloomy look on her lover's brow.

"You are not going yet, Wilfred," she said, as he rose abruptly. "Do stay to tea."

"Not to-night," he said coldly, and he left the house.

Wilfred's heart was torn with conflicting emotions. One moment he felt that he could not live without Ida, and then in frantic jealousy he actually hated her. When with her, sometimes he was gloomy and silent; at other times he was the devoted lover.

Ida was worried and anxious, and afraid of losing her rich lover, and she did all in her power to please him.

Those cadets who have few demerits are granted a three days' leave at Christmas. But

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in a week comes the dreaded and severe mid-year examinations, and who has a heart for rollicking when to be "found," as a failure is called, means the loss of a commission. Many of the cadets who are entitled to the leave often refuse to take it, preferring to remain at the Academy and study.

Wilfred was entitled to the leave but declined to take it. He had studied very hard, and, in spite of all the time lost while in the hospital, he passed the examination successfully, and stood at the head of the graduating class.

A few days later a day's leave of absence was granted Wilfred, on account of urgent personal business. Colonel Lorimer's estate was to be settled up, as Wilfred was now of age, and his presence was necessary in Washington.

The day after his return to the Academy, during the period of recreation after dinner, Wilfred went out for a walk. A few steps from the barracks he saw a piece of paper, covered with writing, lying on the ground. He picked it up and carelessly glanced over it.

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He grew white as marble, his very lips were white and rigidly compressed, and on his face was an expression of agony and despair awful to see, while his eyes blazed like coals of fire. The paper was a tender little note from Ida to Frank. She called him by his Christian name and signed herself "Ida."

Almost unconscious of what he was doing, Wilfred hurried to the residence of Captain Rexford, although it was off limits, and he had no right to go without the written permission of General Blank. When the servant opened the door he demanded in a sharp, imperative tone to see Miss Rexford, and he was shown into the parlor.

The moment Ida entered the room Wilfred thrust the note into her hand.

"Did you write that?" he demanded hoarsely.

"How did it fall into your hands?" she asked, turning deadly pale.

"I found it on the ground near the barracks, and Mr. Lenox must have dropped it. Our engagement is at an end, Miss Rexford. I see it all now. Your heart is given to Frank

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Lenox, while you would have married me for my money. Oh, fool that I was to be deceived by your pretty face!"

He paused for a moment, then continued passionately: "Although our engagement is at an end you shall never marry Frank Lenox, never."

"How dare you speak to me so, Mr. Lorimer!" she cried angrily.

"You shall never be the wife of Frank Lenox," Wilfred repeated, in a low tone.

"Who will prevent it?" she asked coldly.

"I will!" with terrible emphasis on the words.

"Will you?" she echoed, a mocking smile curling her lip

Wilfred seized her hands with a grip like a vise.

"Let go of me, Mr. Lorimer," she said angrily, struggling to pull her hands away.

"You shall never be the wife of Frank Lenox," he repeated, the words coming in gasps from his white lips.

"How will you prevent it?" she asked lightly. "Do you mean to kill me?"

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Wilfred bent over her until his hot breath fanned her cheeks, then, in a voice like the hissing of a serpent, he said:

"I shall not kill you, it would be too much happiness for you to die. But I shall kill your lover, and you shall suffer through your love for Frank Lenox all that I have suffered through my love for you."

A cry of terror broke from Ida's lips and she struggled desperately to break from him.

"Frank Lenox dies by my hand," Wilfred said in a low, terrible tone. Then he hurled Ida violently from him and left the house.

Frank Lenox was in his room with Cadet Maurice Elwood and a first class man, Justin Brantley. A few moments before the call to quarters, the door was thrown open and Wilfred Lorimer entered. He held a bayonet in his hand, and, before any one could stop him, he sprang on Lenox and plunged the weapon in his breast, then instantly withdrew it and inflicted a deep stab in the left side. Lenox gave a groan and fell to the floor.

For a moment Elwood and Brantley were spellbound with horror. Then they threw them-

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selves on Wilfred and wrenched the blood-stained weapon from his hand.

The cadets rushed from their quarters, and Lyman was the first one to reach the room.

"Wilfred!" burst from his lips in horror.

Frank Lenox lay on the floor, insensible, and bleeding from the wounds, and Elwood and Brantley were bending over him.

With his arms folded, white as a marble image, his eyes sparkling like those of an enraged serpent with jealousy and hate, Wilfred Lorimer stood gazing at his wounded classmate.

The cadets crowded around Lenox.

"Wilfred Lorimer, you have killed him," said Elwood.

An expression of fiendish glee swept over Wilfred's face. "I hope I have killed him. I certainly meant to, anyhow," he said coolly.

The sergeant of the guard came racing to the scene, followed by the cadet officer of the day, and a moment later the officer in charge, Lieutenant Everly, entered the room.

"Back to your quarters, all of you," he or-

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dered, to the rapidly increasing crowd. "Go for Dr. Emlen," he said to Alfred.

Wilfred, apparently unconscious of everything going on around him, stood gazing at his foe.

"Mr. Lorimer, go to your quarters in close arrest," the officer said sternly.

Wilfred started at the sound of his name, and turned to the Lieutenant, but he made no movement to obey the command.

"Mr. Lorimer, you heard my order. Go to your quarters in close arrest," Lieutenant Everly repeated sharply.

With a parting glance at his murdered rival, a glance of such awful hatred that those around him shuddered, Wilfred left the room.

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CHAPTER XIII.

WHICH TELLS OF WILFRED'S FLIGHT AND
OTHER THINGS.

THE news that Wilfred Lorimer had wounded Frank Lenox spread through the post like wildfire, and Ida Rexford was like one bereft of her reason.

The stabs that Wilfred inflicted were very deep, the wounds became inflamed, and Lenox was soon in a high fever. Dr. Emlen had very little, if any, hope of his recovery. His father was the Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. General Blank telegraphed to him, and Mrs. Lenox was soon at the bedside of her dying son.

Wilfred Lorimer was in close arrest, awaiting the result of his rival's injuries. If Lenox died Wilfred would be turned over to the civil authorities and tried for murder, or, if he re-

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covered, tried by court-martial and dismissed from the Academy.

Wilfred could not exercise command as first captain. He took all his meals at Grant Hall with the battalion, but had to march to and from the hall in the rear of Company A. He was obliged to attend all recitations, and the cavalry exercises in the riding-hall as private trooper.

The cadets knew that there had been a quarrel between Wilfred and Ida, but not the actual cause of it. They declared he was justified in feeling vexed with her, but Lenox was the most popular man in the corps, and great was the grief and indignation at his murder.

Wilfred was filled with anger against Ida and bitter hatred to Lenox. He was gloomy and silent, and took no notice of the anger and indignation the whole corps showed to him; but the officers feared the cadets might do him personal injury, and he was given a room in the officers' angle of the barracks.

A week passed, and then it was whispered around that Frank Lenox would not live the night out. Wilfred did not relish the idea of

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a long term of imprisonment for murder, and he determined to escape. About midnight he quietly stole from the barracks and went to the railway station, where he took a train for New York.

On arriving in the city, he went to a small down-town hotel. He decided to go to France, and his first act was to go to a bank where he had a large sum awaiting investment. He drew a small sum and secured a letter of credit on a Parisian bank, then he engaged a second-class passage in the name of Gerald Lascelles on one of the transatlantic steamers.

It was Thursday, and the vessel would not sail until Saturday at ten o'clock. On Saturday morning Wilfred saw the notice of Frank Lenox's death and his own flight from the Academy in the "Times."

"Ida Rexford will not marry Frank Lenox now," he thought, a smile of mingled hatred and triumph playing about his lips. "I do not regret what I have done, and I hope she will suffer as she made me suffer."

On Thursday morning, Wilfred's flight was

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discovered and caused great excitement. Frank Lenox died that night. His death was announced at parade the next evening, and the cadets were ordered to wear a band of crape on the left arm for thirty days, and the battalion flag was draped in mourning.

When Ida Rexford heard of Frank's death she became violently hysterical, and Dr. Emlen was quickly summoned. A violent attack of nervous fever followed. "Oh, Frank, Frank, my heart's beloved, my deepest curse on your murderer!" she cried wildly in her delirium. "I swear Wilfred Lorimer shall be brought to justice."

Frank's body lay in state in the Academy building, surrounded by a cadet-guard of honor, chosen from his classmates. In the afternoon on the third day from his death the body was removed to the chapel and the funeral service was held.

After the service eight classmates carried the coffin to an artillery caisson, on which it was fastened, with the stars and stripes wrapped around it. The caisson was drawn by eight black horses, and was draped with flags, and

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in front went the band, playing a dead march, and behind followed the whole corps of cadets with arms reversed, and with slow and solemn steps. They marched to the beautiful little cadet cemetery. Upon reaching the grave, a line was formed facing it, arms were presented, and the band played a solemn air, and the body was lowered. The cadets stood with bowed heads at rest on arms, while the Chaplain conducted the service at the grave. The corps then fired three rounds of blank cartridges, and returned to the barracks. After leaving the cemetery the corps came to "right shoulder" arms, and marched to a quick-step.

Captain Reynold Belford, the Commander of the "Excelsior," was a middle-aged man, with a very sharp, disagreeable manner. Neither officers nor crew liked him, but he was a rigid disciplinarian, and every one on the ship had "to toe the mark."

The voyage across the Atlantic was long and very stormy. The ship touched at Cadiz, Gibraltar and Algiers. At the last place Mrs. Charles Marshall, a wealthy American lady,

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gave a dance in honor of the officers, at her beautiful villa just outside of the city.

The Prince and Princess von Radowitz were spending the winter at Algiers, and they were among the guests. Lieutenant Lorimer was standing near the door of the ball-room when a lady and gentleman entered. He started violently as he recognized them. Mabelle turned pale as death. The Prince's face darkened, and not a sign of recognition passed between the two men.

The sight of Mabelle was a terrible shock to Roland; it completely upset him, and all the pleasure of the ball was gone. He could scarcely keep his eyes off of her. How beautiful she looked in her robe of chine silk on a salmon-pink ground! The low bodice of rich green velvet had a yoke of white satin covered with white net, glittering with silver paillettes. The white satin belt was garnished on the left side with a shaded chrysanthemum. She wore magnificent diamonds on her arms and neck and in her hair.

Among the gentlemen present was a French officer, Colonel de Vaurineux. Roland saw

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that he tried to force his attentions on the Princess, but was haughtily repelled.

Roland danced with Miss Marshall and then led her to a seat. Mabelle happened to be seated near by, with Captain Belford. The Frenchman came up and asked her to dance with him.

"I am engaged to Captain Belford," she answered, and Roland could not help noticing how cold and repellant her tone was, and that a frown darkened the Frenchman's face, although he bowed and went away.

Roland thought he had forgotten Mabelle, but the sight of that beautiful face proved that his love was not dead. She was as dear to him as ever, even though she had treated him so shamefully. The sound of her voice made his heart throb in passionate agony; drops of cold sweat stood on his forehead, and his right hand was clinched so fiercely that his glove was torn.

Supper was announced, and Roland took in Miss Marshall. The Prince von Radowitz was seated near them, and Roland could not help noticing that he had grown stouter and more florid since he had seen him in Washington.

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The Prince freely indulged in all the dainty viands and rich wines.

"If there is anything in the world I hate, it is a gourmand," the young officer thought. He gazed at the bloated, sensual face.

"How could Mabelle sell herself to such a man for a title!" and his lip curled in mingled scorn and disgust.

Roland could not forget Mabelle, and he lay tossing in his berth, unable to close his eyes.

"It shall not be," he thought fiercely. "She is unworthy of a single thought. I will tear her false image from my heart."

Several days after the ball the officers gave a reception. It was a pretty scene on board the "Excelsior." The low-roofed gun-deck was lighted as brilliantly as possible, and decorated with flags, greens, crossed swords, and trophies from all nations, which the officers had brought out from their lockers for the occasion. The captain's cabin, the ward room, and the steerage were all thrown open for the inspection of curious guests.

The Princess von Radowitz, in a toilette of palest blue satin, embroidered with pearls and

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gold, and magnificent pearl and diamond ornaments, was the belle of the evening. The gentlemen crowded round her and eagerly sought her hand for every dance.

Colonel de Vaurineux was present, and he constantly hovered near Mabelle, but Roland could see that she was greatly annoyed.

Roland danced with Madame la Tremoille, a beautiful Frenchwoman, and then took her in to supper. They passed Mabelle, with Captain Belford. Although he still loved her, Roland was too proud to let her think he felt her behavior towards him in the least. His lip curled and his face expressed utter scorn and contempt. Her glance was as cold and scornful as his own.

The last guest had left and several officers were on deck discussing the reception. Roland was standing near, thinking of Mabelle, and he overheard Lieutenant Morland say:

"When Lorimer and I were stationed at the Washington Navy Yard, Miss Frothingham was a great belle, and there were rumors that he was her accepted lover. She threw him over and married, or rather sold herself, to

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that old roué, Prince von Radowitz, for his title. It was an awful blow to Lorimer.

"They say the Prince leads her a terrible life, and is as jealous as a Turk, although he has not the least cause. Everywhere men rave over the beautiful Princess, but she is as cold as an iceberg."

"Scandal tells a very different tale in Algiers," said a dandy officer, Lieutenant Courtenay. "I have heard that she pulls the wool over the Prince's eyes, and makes him think she is a saint. But people are beginning to couple her name with that of the French officer, Colonel de Vaurineux. He scarcely left her side at Mrs. Marshall's ball, and on board to-night. There will be a fine scandal pretty soon. Her husband will wake up some day and find that his lamb is not so innocent as he thinks."

Roland had seen how Mabelle repelled the Frenchman, and how coldly she refused to dance with him at Mrs. Marshall's ball, and how annoyed she was on board the vessel that night when he persisted in keeping near her. He would have staked his life on the Princess's

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innocence, and to hear her slandered drove him mad with anger.

Suddenly Courtenay felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder. He turned and faced Roland, who was very pale, and his eyes literally blazing.

"Lieutenant Courtenay, you said you heard what you are telling in Algiers. Give me the name of your informant."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," answered Courtenay, with a contemptuous sneer.

"Either give me the name of your informant or else retract what you said," Roland said, furiously.

"I shall not retract," Courtenay answered, sullenly.

"Here, in the presence of these gentlemen, retract your vile slander," cried Roland fiercely, grasping Courtenay's arm like a vise. "Or, by heaven, I swear I will hurl you into the sea!"

The Lieutenant wrenched his arm away. "I shall not retract. Every word I said is true. Ask——"

"You miserable cur! Take that!"

A violent blow from Roland hurled Courte-

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nay to the deck. He was stunned by the force of it, and several of the officers helped him to his feet. As they did so Captain Belford appeared on the scene. His brow grew dark and stern.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked sharply.

"Mr. Lorimer attacked me," answered Courtenay, scarcely able to speak from anger.

"Mr. Lorimer, what have you to say?" asked his commander in his sternest tone.

"He brought it on himself," Roland said sullenly.

"You are placed in close arrest, sir," was Captain Belford's stern order.

Roland delivered up his sword, and then left the deck.

When Mabelle reached her beautiful boudoir that night she threw herself down on a chair.

"Oh, Roland, Roland, my heart's beloved, your cold and scornful glance went through my heart like a knife. I can stand the scorn of all the world, but not your contempt. What

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a hell my life is! Oh, if I could only die!" And she burst into passionate sobs.

The assault of Roland on his superior officer was of a private character, and had it taken place in the wardroom would have been settled without official notice, but, as the quarrel took place on deck, so publicly, in the presence of many of the officers and some of the crew, Roland was severely disciplined by Captain Belford. He was kept in close arrest for ten days.

There were quite a number of Americans at Algiers, and the officers were generously entertained during their short stay. As Roland was in arrest he could not leave the vessel to attend these entertainments. He knew Mabelle was present, and not to be able to see her was the worst part of the punishment to him. Oh, how he longed for one more sight of that dear face! His agony was almost unbearable at times.

The "Excelsior" touched at Tunis, and then proceeded to Naples, where Lieutenant Lorimer found a number of letters waiting for him.

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Among them was one from Mr. Fairlie, telling him of Wilfred's crime and flight.

His brother a murderer, a fugitive from the law! Roland reeled and would have fallen on the deck if Lieutenant Morland had not sprung forward and caught him.

"Are you ill, Lorimer?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, God!" burst from Roland's lips in a tone of awful agony. "Oh, Wilfred, my brother, my brother!"

Roland was completely prostrated by the terrible shock, and for a time, too ill to attend to his duty.

Some of the officers had received American papers, and they learned of Wilfred's flight. Lieutenant Lorimer was a general favorite, and all the officers, even Captain Belford, who was not given to being very gentle with any one, showed the greatest sympathy, and did all in their power for him.

Wilfred Lorimer had a long, stormy voyage to Havre, and as soon as he landed he went to Paris by rail and took a room at a small out-of-the-way hotel. He carefully read the American papers, and found that he was

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charged with the murder of Frank Lenox, and that detectives were searching for him. He knew the "Excelsior" was at Naples, but thought it unwise to communicate with his brother.

Under a number of assumed names Wilfred went to different European cities and remained a short time in each. His time was passed in wild dissipation, and he spent his money recklessly.

In the spring he returned to Paris. He spoke French like a native, and he assumed the name of Jules Lamoreux, renting a handsome suite of apartments in a fashionable quarter, and living in fine style. He soon became well acquainted with a set of fast young Frenchmen, who helped him spend his fortune at a rapid rate.

It was a fine April day. The sun shone merrily, and the chestnuts and lilacs seemed bursting with bloom, as the Parisiennes drove through the Bois de Boulogne to the entrance of the grounds of the Longchamps races. The weather was really delightful, and the new toilettes were seen to every advantage, as their

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dainty wearers strolled up the lawn or talked scandal beneath the trees. There was an enormous crowd in the grand stand, and a perfect epidemic of spring toilettes. The fair dames of high degree, who enjoyed the reserved places, were especially smart.

Wilfred went to the races with Comte de Marquemont, the Marquis de Roquelaune and several others. He had a very large sum staked on one of the horses, and lost it all. He was gloomy and silent. His gay companions laughed and joked with him, and did all they could to cheer him up.

Wilfred and Comte de Marquemont dined with the Marquis, and then went to the theatre. As they came out the Comte proposed going to the club. When they reached the club house the Marquis said, carelessly:

“Suppose we play cards, Lamoreux, and perhaps you can win back what you lost on the races.”

The three gentlemen and a number of others played until daylight. Wilfred won again and again. Elated with his success, and excited by the wine that was freely used, he increased

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his stakes. Then suddenly all his gains were swept away. He turned pale as death and fell back in his chair.

"Try to regain what you have lost, Lamo-reux," urged the Marquis de Roquelaune.

"No; I have lost enough for one night," Wilfred answered angrily.

Nearly the whole of his fortune was gone; he had not more than two thousand dollars left.

Wilfred had breakfast with Comte de Marquemont. Then he summoned a cab and was driven to a fine residence a short distance from the city. As he entered, a beautiful but showily dressed young woman came forward to meet him.

"Why are you so sad, Jules?" she asked.

"I lost a small fortune at play last night," he answered gloomily.

About noon an elaborate lunch was served, and Wilfred drank deeply of the rich wines.

"Suppose I take you for a drive, Fanchette," he said, when the meal was over.

"I have no objection," she answered.

Her carriage was brought to the door,

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"Do you think you can manage those spirited horses, Jules?" she asked uneasily, seeing how excited he was with the wine.

"Of course I can," he answered sharply.

They drove to the city. The horses suddenly became unmanageable, and dashed down the street. Fanchette screamed and was about to spring out. The carriage was overturned and its occupants were thrown violently to the ground. The horses tore down the road, but they were soon stopped.

Fanchette was stunned and bruised, and fainted from the shock, and later she was taken home in a carriage. Wilfred lay white and still. A policeman summoned an ambulance and he was taken to his residence.

He was seriously injured, and the physicians told him he could not live very long. Wilfred had kept track of Roland, although he never communicated with him. As soon as he knew he could not live, he asked that his brother might be sent for.

The "Excelsior" was stationed at Nice. When Roland received the telegram he went to Captain Belford and was granted leave of

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absence, and then he hurried on to Paris. The moment he arrived in the city he summoned a cab and was driven to his brother's residence.

Wilfred died about a week after the accident. Roland was standing beside the bed.

"Wilfred, my brother," he pleaded earnestly, "will you not call once on your God before you go to meet Him?"

A proud, defiant light flashed into the eyes of the dying atheist.

"There is no God!" he cried, and, with these words still on his lips, Wilfred's blood-stained soul went forth to meet the God he had denied.

"Oh, God! have mercy on him," Roland cried, in a voice of piercing anguish, and then he fell on his knees and wept like a child.

When it became known in America that Wilfred Lorimer, the murderer of Cadet Lenox, was dead, every one wondered how he had succeeded in eluding the detectives.

When the fever left her Ida Rexford was in a painfully weak state. Dr. Emlen ordered a

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change, and she and her mother went to a quiet country place.

In the early spring the engagement of Alfred Lyman and Eveline Grey was announced, and they were congratulated on all sides.

One beautiful June evening the first class had its last dress parade. They saluted Colonel Grey, and he gave them a few words of congratulation as the graduating class, then they stood uncovered to receive the salute to them as graduates tendered by the marching companies on their way to the barracks.

In the evening Grant Hall was beautifully decorated for the graduating hop. Eveline Grey wore a pretty toilette of pale lemon colored satin, the skirt trimmed with white lace in a spiral design, enriched by paillettes and pearls. The decollété bodice was of white tulle, trimmed with points of lemon satin, embroidered with paillettes and pearls, and belt of lemon velvet, with a rich pearl buckle, and Eveline was the belle of the evening.

The next day the bugle blew the "assembly." The graduating class formed into ranks by itself, and the other classes, acting as a guard

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of honor, escorted them to the grove in front of the library building, where the graduating exercises took place.

The Secretary of War and General Schofield were present. General Blank read out the names, and the Secretary handed the diplomas to the graduates. Lyman came first, the Secretary gave him the diploma, and spoke a few words of congratulation. From the day of Frank Lenox's death, Alfred Lyman was the idol of the corps, and he was greeted with ringing applause by the whole battalion.

After the diplomas were all given out, the Secretary of War and General Schofield each made a short address, the Chaplain of the Post offered prayer, and the exercises were over.

Alfred Lyman went to New York for a few days, and then returned to West Point to be married.

Eveline was an Episcopalian, but she had liberal views, and was a firm believer in the "Eternal Hope." She was married with the Episcopal service.

The Church of the Holy Innocents was pret-

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tily decorated with potted plants and cut flowers of every description.

Eveline wore a gown of white satin, lined, the length of the tablier, with two quills made of bouquets of orange blossoms buried in mouseline de soie. On her head she wore a small crown of orange blossoms, and a splendid veil of point d'Angleterre, spreading majestically on her train. She carried a bouquet of white azaleas and roses.

Emma Bromley, a pretty blonde, was maid of honor. She wore a dress of azure-blue tulle over silk of the same shade, ornamented with gentle tufts of lilies of the valley. The four bridesmaids were in white silk and tulle; all wore large white hats, trimmed with white ostrich plumes, and carried bouquets of white violets and lilies of the valley.

Alfred Lyman looked very well in his uniform of Lieutenant of Engineers. Lieutenant Everly was best man.

The words of the marriage ceremony were spoken with solemn impressiveness, and Alfred Lyman and Eveline Grey were pronounced husband and wife.

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After a wedding breakfast and reception Lieutenant and Mrs. Lyman went to New York and then on a tour through the East. The last few days of Alfred's graduation leave were spent in Pennsylvania with his parents.

In the fall Mrs. Rexford and Ida returned to West Point. Lieutenant Guy Everly was very attentive to Ida, and in the spring they were married. Soon afterward Lieutenant Everly was promoted to the rank of captain, and ordered to a post on the Pacific Coast.

The marriage was not a happy one. Ida was a spoiled child, Guy also had a good deal of temper, and they could not agree. Mrs. Everly had no more idea of managing a house than a china doll, and she was completely at the mercy of the servant. She was extravagant, fond of dress and show, and in no time their expenses were in excess of Guy's pay. He remonstrated with her in vain, and there were stormy scenes between them.

Ida was a born coquette, and her marriage made no difference; she encouraged the attentions of the other officers, and at length Guy became violently jealous.

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A daughter was born just about a year after the marriage. Ida was very ill for a long time, and Guy, who really loved her passionately, was a devoted husband. Ida did not care for children, and she left Nellie entirely to the nurse.

Two miserable years passed, and then, after a violent scene, Ida said passionately:

"It is best for us to part, Guy. It is impossible for us to live together in peace."

Lieutenant Everly turned pale as death. "Perhaps it is best, Ida," he said brokenly. "But God knows I have tried to make you happy."

So they separated. Mrs. Everly lives with her parents, and she is a miserable, unhappy, disappointed woman.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE SOLDIER'S REVENGE.

"My listening powers
Were awed, and every thought in silence hung
And wondering expectation."

—*Akenside.*

"Not in the void of heaven, not in the depths of the sea, not by entering the rocky cliffs of the mountains,—not in any of these places, or by any means, can a man escape the consequences of his evil deed."

—*The Tripitaka of the Buddhists.*

WILFRED'S crime and death were a terrible shock to Roland, and for a long time he was very silent and melancholy.

After two years' cruise in the Mediterranean Sea, the "Excelsior" was ordered home to the League Island Navy Yard.

In a miserable house near Front and Catharine Streets, Rufus Bennett lay dying. A Roman Catholic priest and a Sister of Charity were in the room.

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"Father, I cannot die without telling Roland Lorimer the truth, and obtaining his forgiveness," said Rufus. "He is stationed at League Island, and could not some one be sent for him?"

"I will see what I can do," the priest answered. He tore a leaf from a note book and hastily wrote:

"LIEUTENANT R. LORIMER,

"DEAR SIR: Rufus Bennett is dying at No. — Catharine Street. He has something very important to tell you about your father and Wilfred. Please come without delay, as he cannot possibly live the day out.

"Very respectfully,

"REV. PATRICK KELLY."

The priest went downstairs. Three or four boys were playing in front of the house.

"Mike Moloney," he said to one of them, "I want you to go to the Navy Yard."

"All right, yer riverence."

The priest gave him careful directions how

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to go, then he gave him some money. "Pay your carfare with that," and, he added sharply, "don't spend it on the way."

Mike gave an ugly leer and started off.

Lieutenant Lorimer was in the Commandant's office when Mike entered.

"This is for Loot'nint Lorimer," he said, holding out the note all crumpled and soiled.

Roland came forward and said: "I am Lieutenant Lorimer."

He read the note. He was not on duty, and started at once, but he had to wait for the little stage that runs between the Navy Yard and Snyder Avenue. On arriving at the depot he took a Twelfth Street car, rode up to Catharine Street, and then walked to the number given in the note.

He entered the house and turned faint at the scene of want and misery. A slatternly woman was seated on a broken chair, smoking a pipe. She stared at the handsome young man in uniform.

"Is there a man named Rufus Bennett in this house?" he asked.

"Yis, he's on the third floor. Tim," to a

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little, ragged urchin, "take the gentleman upstairs."

Roland followed the boy up the dark, narrow stairway, that almost threatened to break under him. Tim threw open a door.

"He's in here, mishter."

Roland entered the room. Father Kelly came forward.

"I am glad you have arrived, sir."

"Let me begin my story at once," said Rufus.

Roland felt that some terrible secret was about to be revealed, and his heart throbbed violently. He seated himself on a chair beside the bed.

"Roland Lorimer," began Rufus, "did your father ever tell you why he left England?"

"Yes," Roland answered.

"My real name is Honore Lesrel. I was born in Paris, but brought up by an old bachelor uncle, François Lesrel, who kept a small shop in Lyons. My uncle was very stern, almost brutal at times, and he always seemed to positively hate me. Whenever I asked about my parents I was curtly told they were dead.

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As my name was the same as my uncle's, I concluded that my father was his brother.

"I was educated at the public schools and received the degree of Bachelor of Science. When I was eighteen years of age I passed the required examination and entered the military school of St. Cyr. The course of study lasts two years, and the cadets take an engagement to serve in the army seven years. The two years at the school counts as a part of their service.

"At the end of two years I passed the examination, standing number four in my class, and I entered one of the crack cavalry regiments in the French army as a second lieutenant.

"A year later my Uncle François died. He never destroyed a letter in his life. I examined his papers and found letters that revealed a terrible secret. My uncle had one sister, Claudine, who, at the age of twenty years, fled from home with an English peer, the Duke of Laughton. Her lover deserted her in Paris after a time, and she wrote to her brother begging him to receive her child, Honore, as she was dying.

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"My uncle never forgave his sister for disgracing the family. He went to Paris and brought home the child. He was in business in Marseilles, but moved to Lyons, where his sister's disgrace was unknown.

"There was a stain on my birth. Now I understood why my uncle hated me. Oh, Roland Lorimer, no words can describe my shame and misery when I made the discovery.

"I searched the English peerage and found that Duke of Laughton had two sons, Lord Alresford and your father. I was two years older than Alresford, and I ought to have been the heir. I was the eldest son. I was filled with rage and hatred. I called down the curses of heaven on my father and brothers, and I swore a terrible oath that in some way I would be revenged for the cruel wrong done to me."

Honore paused for breath. The sister came forward. She wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and gave him some medicine.

"I was very extravagant, and my passion for play amounted to a perfect mania. I soon squandered the little sum my uncle left me, and then, to pay my gambling and other debts,

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I forged the name of Marquis de Choiseul, Colonel of the regiment, and one of the richest men in France, for a large sum. The forgery was discovered, and, to escape arrest, I deserted and fled to the Continent.

“For several years I roamed through Europe under a dozen different names, and more than once I narrowly escaped falling into the hands of detectives. I got my living as a card-sharper and, in other ways; in short, I committed every crime but murder.

“At last I fell in with the Frenchman, Gaspard du Vair, an Italian and a Spaniard. We all went to London and opened a gambling hell in a fashionable quarter, and things went on swimmingly for a time.

“One day in Hyde Park the Duke of Laughton and his sons were pointed out to me. Feelings of hatred and revenge struggled in my breast, and I felt tempted to kill them then and there. I slipped my hand in my pocket and nervously clutched a revolver, but somehow I could not fire.

“One day Du Vair informed me that he held the note of Lord Reginald d’Arto for twenty

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thousand pounds. I was not present at the gambling table when my brother lost it. Luck had gone against us lately, and I had scarcely a shilling. I determined to raise money by——”

“Then you were the forger. You forged my grandfather's and father's names,” cried Roland. “Oh, how could you let my poor father suffer for your crime?”

“I knew the Duke had sworn he would not pay his son's gambling debts, and I thought if I forged a check payable to Lord Reginald, his father would believe him guilty. When I presented the check at the bank the clerk demanded to know who gave it to me. I had no doubt that the Duke would believe his son guilty, but order the check paid to save the family from a public scandal.

“The check was given to me in payment for a debt of honor,” I answered, “but I decline to give the gentleman's name unless his grace declares it a forgery.

“As soon as I received the money I thought it best to leave England for a time. Imagine my surprise when I returned to find my father.

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dead, and Lord Reginald gone, no one knew where. I had driven my hated brother from his native land, branded as a criminal. I tried to rejoice, but I could not. The memory of my crime haunted me like a gloomy nightmare.

"We had to leave London after a while, and we went to a number of different places plying our trade as card-sharpers. We were in Berlin, and so hard up that Du Vair formed a plan to rob a nobleman's residence. The plan was a disastrous failure. Du Vair and the others were captured, but I escaped and fled to America.

"For a time I was a professional gambler, and then I enlisted. I was thirty-two years old, but I swore I was not over thirty. I was terribly startled to find my brother Reginald was the captain of the troop. He started violently when he saw me, doubtless on account of my striking resemblance to his father.

"I fell in love with Nora McCloskey, and, Roland, I really did love her. When my son and Captain Lorimer's were born I formed a plan by which I hoped my child might some day become Duke of Laughton, and so I would

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be revenged for the wrong done me. Mrs. Bridget Flanagan was Nora's nurse, and I bribed her to change the children, which she did at a terrible risk. It was Captain Lorimer's child that died, and Wilfred, whom you supposed to be your half-brother, was my son and your cousin."

So great was the shock at this disclosure that Roland fell back into the chair, white and trembling.

"I had my revenge. I had made my brother an exile from his native land, and I robbed him of his child, but, Roland, I was wretched. Men may talk of the pleasures of sin as they will, but there is no peace for the wicked. If a man flee to the ends of the earth he cannot escape the consequences of an evil deed. Men say that a man's conscience may become seared and cease to trouble. But who can tell, in spite of a person's actions, what goes on in his breast? It is impossible to put away one's conscience; it may be silenced, but never dethroned. Bury it, pile upon it all the iniquity you please, heap indifference and scorn upon it, seal the sepulchre with eternal disdain, so that you believe

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the troubler is buried, but, in an hour when you think not, that sepulchre will be rent asunder, and the Great Avenger you thought was wrapped in the unbroken slumber of death, will spring forth to confront you. Oh, how well has Lord Bryon described the pangs of guilty conscience :

*“ ‘The mind that broods o’er guilty woes,
Is like the scorpion girt by fire;
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close;
Till inly scorched by thousand throes,
And inly maddening in her ire,
One and sole relief she knows—
The sting she nourished for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
She darts into her desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven;
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death.’ ”*

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"And this was my condition. My life was a perfect hell. I could not do away with the memory of my sin. Ever and anon it rose before me like a hideous skeleton. No bolt direct from the hand of God could have added to my misery. The worst punishment of sin is to be the sinner.

"I loved my child, I yearned to hear him call me father, and how I longed to have him love me, but I could not. To crown all my misery, Mrs. Flanagan and her husband swore they would reveal the secret, and I had to pay them to keep quiet.

"I saw all my evil traits in my son. He showed no love for those supposed to be his parents or for you, but he inherited my feelings of revenge and hatred. Whatever my faults I loved my child, and it was this love that kept me in the American army. But for him I should have deserted long before I did; and when Wilfred went to Clifton Hall I felt so lonely, and I missed him so much, that I found it impossible to remain at Fort B——"

Honore Lesrel paused, and the sister gave him some more medicine.

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"I have sinned deeply, Roland, but great has been my punishment. I robbed Reginald of his child, in hopes that my son might some day inherit the title that ought to have been mine. My hopes were in vain, and I believe God punished my sin through my child. From the newspapers I know that my son died as a fugitive criminal, and with the stain of blood on his soul."

The dying man turned his face to the wall and lay silent for some time.

"After I deserted I led a criminal life until I fell ill, and had to come here," Honore said, speaking with an effort. He paused a moment, and then said pleadingly:

"Roland d'Arto, I am dying. Will you not forgive me? Without your forgiveness I cannot die in peace."

Roland took the man's hand in his and said solemnly:

"Uncle Honore, may God forgive you, as I do, with all my heart."

A grateful smile spread over Honore's face. He lifted Roland's hand to his lips and kissed it, while Father Kelly asked him earnestly:

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"Honore Lesrel, do you truly repent of your sins?"

Honore meekly bent his head in sign of assent, saying: "I do."

Then Father Kelly, devoutly raising his hand, said solemnly: "And now, as man has forgiven you, so may God in His infinite mercy forgive you also." And he gave him the holy absolution *in articulo mortis*.

Almost before he ceased speaking Honore's soul fled.

Roland turned to the priest and said: "I will pay all the expenses of my uncle's burial."

Roland felt relieved that his father's name was cleared, but it was a great shock to learn that Wilfred was not his brother.

When Roland returned to the navy yard, he happened to take up the *Public Ledger*, and was startled to see the following paragraph heading the foreign news:

"SUICIDE OF AN ENGLISH NAVAL OFFICER.

"PORTSMOUTH, March 19.—On the 17th of March, Lieutenant Lord Lionel d'Arto, R. N., who was in close arrest awaiting trial for dis-

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respect to his superior officer and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman committed suicide. A revolver was still clutched in his hand, and a large hole in his head showed the manner of his death.

“Lord Lionel was the youngest son of the Duke of Laughton. The Duke had been in ill health for some time, and when he received the news of his son's suicide, the shock proved too much for him, and he died in a few days.

“The eldest son, Marquis of Alresford, succeeds to the title as the eighth Duke.”

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CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

"Then let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
Oh! thou, my all that's mine."

—*Goldsmith.*

ANOTHER year passed and then Lieutenant Lorimer accidentally saw the following advertisement:

"Wanted—Information of Lord Reginald H. L. d'Arto, who is supposed to have gone to America in 1861. Any information will be thankfully received by Wedderburn & Kinnard, solicitors, No. 24 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, England."

"I wonder if my cousin the Duke of Laughton, can be dead?" Roland thought. "In that case I am the next heir."

He wrote to the solicitors, and received an

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answer requesting him to come to England. The Duke of Laughton had died very suddenly, and he, Roland, was the next heir, but he would have to prove beyond a doubt that he was Lord Reginald's son.

Roland wrote to the Secretary of the Navy asking for leave of absence, with permission to leave the country, on account of urgent personal business.

The leave was granted, and Roland went to London. He proved that he was Lord Reginald's son, and was declared the ninth Duke of Laughton. The wealth of Victoria Trevelyan had cleared off all debts. Roland found himself the possessor of four fine estates in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and an income of £50,000. As soon as his right to the title was proved he resigned his commission in the American navy.

Roland revealed who had forged the check for twenty thousand pounds, and cleared his father's name, but no one ever knew about Wilfred.

In July, Roland, or the Duke of Laughton, as we must now call him, went to Trouville,

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the fashionable French watering-place. One day he attended a dance at the Casino. Among the ladies was a pretty blonde in a toilette of black mousseline de soie with incrustations of black and white Chantilly lace, outlined with rows of jet, and hat of black beaded straw, trimmed with ostrich plumes and la France roses. Her face seemed familiar to him, and at last he remembered she was Laura Alden, Mabelle's friend, and now the Duchesse de la Villiere.

She recognized the Duke and came over to him. She said she had heard of his accession to the title of Duke of Laughton. They had a pleasant conversation, and then the Duke danced with her.

When ready to leave the casino, the Duchesse came to the Duke with her husband and introduced him.

"I intend to give a musicale on Thursday evening, Monsieur le Duc," she said pleasantly, "and I should be pleased to have you among my guests."

The Duke thanked her and accepted the invitation.

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The Duchesse de la Villiere was the leader of society at the gay resort, and the musicale was a grand, crowded affair.

A noted soprano sang the following beautiful ballad :

*"I never can forget thee,
Whate'er my lot may be;
In sadness, or in joy, my heart
Will ever turn to thee;
The fond remembrance of the past,
May sometimes bring regret,
But till my life shall cease to be,
I never can forget.*

*"I never can forget thee,
My destiny is cast,
For as thou wert my first love,
So thou wilt be my last;
You say I soon shall cease to think,
That we have ever met,
But, oh! you little know my heart,
To say I can forget."*

The Duke of Laughton had a grand old title

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and wealth; he had everything a man could wish for, but he was not happy. The love he felt for Mabelle burned in his heart like a purifying fire and seemed to refine and elevate his whole being. He tried to crush it, but he could not. Every word of the song was like a stab to him; so great was his agitation that he could scarcely control himself.

After the music an elaborate supper was served. Flowers were placed in every nook and corner of the dining-room, upon the mantelpiece, in large bowls upon the sideboards, masses of pink and white and crimson and yellow; but the tables were solely ornamented with fruit. Greengages, peaches and grapes rested upon vine leaves in white Dresden baskets.

When the Duke took leave of his hostess she said:

"Can you come to déjeuner to-morrow, Monsieur le Duc? I should particularly like to see you."

"I shall come without fail," he answered.

The next day at one o'clock the Duke went to lunch. No one was present but the Duchesse and her husband. The meal was daintily

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served, and the viands were such as can be found nowhere outside of France.

After the meal was over the gentlemen went into the billiard room and had a game. Then the host excused himself on plea of an engagement.

The Duchesse asked the Duke to come to her boudoir.

"Are you aware, Monsieur le Duc, that the Princess von Radowitz has been a widow for more than a year?" she asked.

"No, I was not aware of it," he answered coldly.

"If you remember, on the night of your betrothal, Mabelle told you that her mother had asked her to come home the next day?"

"Yes, I remember."

"When Mabelle arrived home the next evening she found the Austrian there. He had met the family abroad, and Mr. Frothingham asked him to call on them if he ever came to America.

"After dinner Mabelle went into the drawing room, and the Prince soon entered. He

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took a seat beside her, and asked her to be his wife. Mabelle coldly refused him.

“There was a scowl on his face, dark and terrible.

“‘Either you be my wife, Miss Frothingham, or I shall ruin your father.’

“‘What do you mean?’ Mabelle said, white and trembling.

“‘What I say,’ he said coldly. ‘Your father is the financial partner in the firm of Talcott, Frothingham & Co. He has been speculating recklessly. These speculations were carried on largely in Wall Street, and his many visits to New York were supposed by the firm to be made in the interest of their business. But much of this stock gambling has ended in failure. Eugene Frothingham is a large real estate owner, and to cover these losses he has been obliged to mortgage some of it very heavily, and then to withdraw cash from the firm——’

“‘Stop! how dare you slander my father?’ and Mabelle started to her feet and confronted him with flashing eyes.

“A diabolical grin distorted his features, he

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forced her back into the chair and grasped her hands like a vise.

“ ‘You shall hear me through. Your father never took a vacation, and as the financial partner of the firm, it was not a difficult matter for him to cover up the use by him of its funds.

“ ‘Your father has raised money by forging the firm’s name to promissory notes, payable in thirty days. He has not the means to pay these notes, and all will be discovered.’

“ ‘Mabelle sat like a marble image.

“ ‘How did you find this out?’ she asked hoarsely.

“ ‘That’s my business,’ he said curtly.

“ ‘I will go to Mr. Talcott and ask him to be merciful,’ she gasped.

“ ‘The Prince laughed, a low, terrible laugh.

“ ‘Much good that would do. Two more grasping, miserly men than Giles Talcott and Theodore Garrett do not exist. They would sell their very souls to make a dollar. They will have no mercy, and Eugene Frothingham will be arrested for forgery and embezzlement.’

“ ‘Oh, what shall I do?’ wailed Mabelle.

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“ ‘Your father has stolen, in all, nearly half a million dollars from the firm. On one condition I will save him: be my wife and I will give him the whole sum. He can clear off the mortgage on his real estate and pay the promissory notes. In ten days these notes are due. He cannot possibly pay them. Refuse my offer and your father goes to jail.’ ”

The Duke listened to this narrative with flashing eyes and white lips.

“The old scoundrel!” burst from him furiously.

“ ‘My title is one of the oldest in Austria,’ the Prince continued, ‘and I am immensely rich. I can give you everything you can possibly wish for. As the Princess von Radowitz you could go to court and reign as a social queen among the most exclusive society in Europe.’

“ ‘I do not believe your story. It is false!’ Mabelle cried passionately.

“ ‘Go and ask your father,’ he answered coldly.

“A low cry broke from Mabelle, and she fell to the floor insensible. When she recovered

Conclusion.

her father was bending over her. He told her he did not know how the Prince found out about his affairs, but he would go to jail rather than have her marry him.

"The Prince went to Mrs. Frothingham and threatened to ruin her husband. She was a semi-invalid, and the shock almost killed her. She declared she would die. She could not bear poverty and disgrace, and she urged Mabelle to marry the Prince, and do anything rather than have the family publicly disgraced. And, for her mother's sake, Mabelle promised to be the wife of Prince von Radowitz."

"Did Mabelle know what answer her father sent to me in reply to my letter asking for his daughter?" asked the Duke.

"No; she did not know."

"Thank God!" cried the Duke from his very heart.

"I had always been like a sister to Mabelle," continued the Duchesse. "She told me the truth, and begged of me, as a special favor, to be maid of honor. She looked like a corpse on the wedding day, and her cheeks were rouged to conceal the unearthly paleness.

The Soldier's Revenge.

"The Prince was a jealous, selfish tyrant. He led her a terrible life, and as long as her parents lived, which was not very long, however, he made her do just as he said by threatening to tell all about her father.

"A little more than a year ago the Prince died very suddenly of apoplexy. Mabelle had no children, and the title and vast estates went to a younger brother. Mabelle has one-third of the income for life, and she is a very rich woman."

The Duchesse paused for a moment, then continued:

"I could not help noticing your agitation during the singing of that song last night. I felt convinced that you still cared for Mabelle, and I am sure she loves you. I love Mabelle as much as my own sister, so I told you this."

"God bless you for telling me, Duchesse," said the Duke. "And you think Mabelle still loves me—would be willing to marry me?"

"I am sure she would."

"Where is she living now?"

"Mabelle declared she could not return to the United States. Ever since the Prince's death

Conclusion.

she has lived in Mignonette Villa, a pretty place a short way from Rome."

That evening the Duke wrote a long letter to Mabelle. The Duchesse de la Villiere wrote also. Her letter ended thus:

"Forgive me for telling the Duke of Laughton, darling, but, Mabelle, I love you so much, I want to see you happy, and I could not help it."

.

The dowager Princess von Radowitz was seated in her boudoir when a trim maid brought her two letters. She opened the Duke's first. She instantly recognized the handwriting, and for a moment emotion nearly overpowered her. She read it through and then opened the Duchesse's letter. After reading it she wrote to the Duke, only a few lines, telling him to come and see her.

A few days later the footman threw open the drawing-room door and announced:

"His grace, the Duke of Laughton."

Mabelle was standing by the window, and she turned as the Duke entered.

"Mabelle!"

The Soldier's Revenge.

"Roland!"

For a moment neither could speak.

"Mabelle, do you still love me?" he asked at length.

Her color came and went, and she trembled with emotion.

"I never ceased to love you, Roland," she answered, in a low tone.

He trembled so he could scarcely stand.

"Then, Mabelle, my darling, loved through it all," he cried, "are you willing to give yourself to me now?"

She smiled and lifted her eyes to his. In their blue and tender depths he saw shining on him the unchangeable love of a lifetime. In a voice clear and sweet as an angelus bell, she said:

"Roland, my heart's beloved, I can have no greater happiness than to be your wife."

He held her tightly clasped to his wildly beating heart, and kissed her, and all the bitterness of the past was forgotten.

THE END.

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